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The Week

IN SOME of the larger cities of Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Armenia, a great number of human beings, children particularly, are under sentence of death. They must die before the next harvest of sheer hunger and of the diseases that famine brings. Most of them can still be saved if Congress will advance the \$125,000,000 needed to buy food in America for them. This loan does not cover the total sum needed. It is merely the minimum American contribution for a fund to which the European countries including the neutrals are to pay a share. This fund will cover only enough to sustain life in utterly destitute people in famine stricken cities until the next year. Without the fund thousands upon thousands must die.

THE bill is jammed in Committee. The Congressmen assume that the American people do not care, that they are tired of loans to Europe, that they desire only retrenchment. They are mistaken.

The American people do not know the sheer horror to which they are at this moment unwitting accomplices. They do not know because those who do know have been apathetic in their appeal. There is no time to lose. If America is not to commit the high crime of refusing to succor the innocent whom it has helped to blockade, then pressure must be put on Congress at once. Urgent telegrams should go to Congress, delegations should be sent to Washington, protests organized wherever men and women remain who can appreciate what famine means, all to insist that the bill be brought out of committee and passed immediately. No question of American or of European politics is involved. The bill has nothing to do with any one's view about Polish ambitions, or Austria's guilt, or Armenia's status. It is a sheer emergency of a supremely desperate sort.

THE Adriatic dispute has been carried on more or less secretly. All kinds of things were threatened, all kinds of proposals made in the name of the United States, and not ten people in the United State have had until this week the main document in the case. The New York Times (February 22) prints the Franco-British-American note to Italy of December 9, and the Franco-British note of January 14. The latter note, with American consent, gave the city of Fiume (the corpus separatum) the right to choose its own diplomatic representatives; attached the city to Italian Istria by a strip of seashore about three fifths of a mile wide; gave Zara its own diplomatic representation; and then as a sop, told the Jugoslavs to help themselves to a piece of Northern Albania. The new proposal was offered as an ultimatum asking the Jugoslavs to choose between this plan of January 14 and the Treaty of London. The Jugoslavs made conciliatory proposals on January 20 which were rejected.

THE quality of the Franco-British proposal of January 14 is characterized as follows by the New Europe:

"The Jugoslavs are asked to sacrifice half a million of their kinsmen, and to accept as 'compensation'—in other words, as a shameless bribe—those northern districts of Albania which the Secret Treaty of London had assigned to them. This means that France and Britain have robbed a weak ally of its rights in order to meet obligations which they had wrongly contracted, and which they are not prepared to redeem with their own property; and that they now invite their victim to indemnify himself and descend to their own level by plundering a still weaker neighbour."

With that comment, as with the President's attempt to save something from the wreck in the Adriatic, most people will agree, though their agreement cannot but be mixed with astonishment that the climate of the Adriatic should be the only one on earth where the spirit of the Fourteen Points seems capable of surviving.

IN England the Labor party and a few Liberal journals like the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily News* are no longer alone in demanding peace with Soviet Russia. The *Chronicle*, a Lloyd George paper, has come over to that policy. And a remarkable memorial has been presented to the government by General Sir Hubert Gough, Chief of the British Military Mission to Russia; Colonel F. G. Marsh, British Military Agent in the Caucasus, 1915-17; Spencer Smith, recently Lieutenant Colonel of the Murmansk force; and other former directors of British intervention in Russia. These men now ask, not only trade with the cooperatives, but general peace with Russia and recognition of the Soviet Republic.

REPORTS that the Sultan is to be maintained in Constantinople have aroused an opposition in England so vigorous that the government is taken by surprise. In the House of Commons Sir Donald Maclean asks the Prime Minister to set a time for debating the issue; Mr. George replies with an assurance that no commitments will be made without the consent of the House, "beyond those that already have been made." What the latter class includes, Mr. George does not explain. From the start the Turkish business has proceeded behind an iron censorship. There has been a quarrel for ascendancy between many factors: rival ambitions for spheres of influence, concern of financial interests holding Turkish bonds and Turkish concessions, desire of certain British statesmen to placate the Indian Moslems who want the Turk to remain undisturbed. Throughout the life of the

late Peace Conference never was there one word of public debate about the fate of Turkey.

MORE than a year ago Senator Ransdell, in a carefully prepared address to the Senate, pointed out to his colleagues the vital importance of adopting in the near future a national shipping policy. He pointed out that the United States government was becoming the largest ship owner in the world, that it had under its control millions of tons of shipping and that millions more were coming off the ways, but that it had not even begun to consider what it should do with its gigantic fleet. He urged that a concerted, organized effort be made to establish and carry out a plan of operation. A year has passed, and no progress has been made. The utter planlessness of the Congressional leaders could not be more dramatically revealed than in the present controversy over the sale of the German ships. What is potentially one of the finest passenger fleets in the world is in the hands of the government. Without any public discussion, without consulting Congress, without consulting the President, except in a perfunctory way, a majority of the Shipping Board proceed to sell the ships to the highest bidder. An irresponsible but powerful newspaper proprietor starts a campaign on the assumption, quite unwarranted, that the board is in a conspiracy to sell the ships to Great Britain. There are court proceedings, and hearings before committees, and the upshot is that the sale is enjoined on a technicality, and the Senate committee requests the Shipping Board not to sell the ships. Thus matters are restored to the status quo, a status quo of planless, rudderless and expensive drifting.

PERHAPS the incident will spur Congress to some kind of action. Chairman Payne points out with justice that the ships are worthless until repaired and re-converted into passenger liners, that such repairs cost many millions, and that unless Congress appropriates those millions the ships must either be sold or lie idle. Commissioner Stevens points out with equal justice that the price at which the Board is contemplating a sale is absurdly and outrageously low, that under present disturbed conditions fair prices cannot be obtained, and that the wisest course is for the government to repair the ships and retain them until they can be sold to better advantage. Thus a conflict of policy is squarely submitted to Congress, and Congress must decide it.

CONGRESS cannot expect any statesmanlike guidance from the present Shipping Board. Its chairman is leaving to take a cabinet post, another

member is reported about to resign. The new chairman is a naval officer without experience in commercial ship operation or world trade. The only member of the board who has shown consistent public spirit and constructive statesmanship has been continuously in the minority. If the matter is left to the House and Senate committee, we will have another Esch-Cummins futility. Little can be expected until Congress recognizes the necessity of appointing a non-political merchant marine commission, with sufficient authority and appropriations and sufficiently competent and statesmanlike personnel to enable it to study, formulate and report a practicable merchant marine policy for the United States.

HYSTERIA is absent from the program adopted by the Republicans of New York State on Friday. Aside from this, the most significant quality in the platform is its patent hypocrisy. It begins with the assertion that "individuals and minorities, irrespective of race, creed or color, are entitled to the rights insured them by the constitution"; but it has no word of censure for the Republican Assembly and the Republican Speaker who suspended five representatives of a minority at Albany. It condemns the rising cost of living, but not the Republican Congress which has never tried to get at the causes of that rise; urges ratification of the woman suffrage amendment, but finds no place for a woman as one of the four delegates-at-large to the national convention; champions the rights of the small consumer, but assails the Federal Trade Commission which has dared to tamper with big business. Party platforms, to be sure, are seldom drawn with sincerity as a criterion. But sometimes the hypocrisy is better concealed than it is in the present credo of the New York Republicans.

ONE point in the platform adopted by the New York Republicans deserves special attention for the reason that it is often to be found in the addresses of Republican Presidential candidates, particularly in those of General Wood. This is the practice of handing labor something with one hand and neatly withdrawing it with the other. Labor, says the New York state platform, must have proper wages, good hours, healthful conditions of work, a share in industrial control, etc., etc. But how are these fine aims to be attained? By legislation? Perish the thought! Legislation might actually produce the advertised innovations. No, much better avoid legislation. "Recourse must be had to *private initiative* and to the patriotism and common sense," etc.

THE present political policy of Mr. Samuel Gompers requires genuine agility. On February 8th, Mr. Gompers urged the Federation of Labor to go into politics because, appealing to the Democratic and Republican parties, labor had "appealed for relief in vain." But on February 22nd, replying to certain A. F. of L. members who believe that future appeals to the old parties will also be in vain, Mr. Gompers declares: "Surely the results achieved in the interest of the workers demonstrate the utter fallacy of your assumption." Shifting horses so swiftly requires more than a little dexterity. On Mondays, to get the trade unions into politics, Mr. Gompers must contend that labor has received nothing at the hands of the old parties. On Tuesdays, to scotch the idea of a new independent party, he must maintain that as a matter of fact it has received a great deal.

TWO recent meetings testify that the Left and Right of the organized farmers' movements are drawing farther apart. The Right, represented by the National Board of Farm Organizations, had its conference in Washington. It determined to challenge Presidential aspirants with a questionnaire, but adopted no resolutions likely to frighten the most timid candidate. Meantime, in Chicago, the Left has held a conference of its own. The Left is represented by the Farmers' National Council, and in Chicago it adopted resolutions endorsing the Plumb Plan, opposing peace-time sedition laws, and demanding a capital property tax to pay off the war debt. By the eastern newspapers we have been told that radicalism among the farmers is losing ground. The Nonpartisan League, for instance, has repeatedly been declared a dead issue. But politicians on the ground seem to have no such idea about it. The Republican convention at Bismarck warns all candidates not to risk competition with the League's own candidate: Hiram Johnson.

A cable to the New York Call from Paris states that the first official act of the new President of France is the preparation of "a sweeping grant of amnesty to all political prisoners throughout the Republic. Both civil and military prisoners are included in the terms of the amnesty. The only exceptions being in the case of those definitely convicted of treason—not the propagation or entertainment of unpopular ideas, but treason." Had this news come a few weeks earlier it might have had space in the same day's newspapers that announced the conviction of three men who asked for a similar amnesty in free America.

Fighting for Hoover

IT is now about five weeks since the New York World submitted Herbert Hoover's name to the American people as candidate for President. The ensuing discussion of his qualifications and chances has revealed clearly the strength and weakness of his candidacy. It has altogether exceptional elements of strength which public discussion has served to bring out, but his supporters have not succeeded in converting his strength into politically available capital. They have not even intelligently tried to reenforce his candidacy by aggressive agitation. If they believe that as a consequence of the public discussion they have improved his chances of nomination, they are suffering from a manifest illusion. They cannot nominate him, they cannot even give to the discussion of his candidacy its full educational value unless they manage to infuse into it a more definite and popularly sympathetic meaning and a more energetic method of promotion.

Mr. Hoover's most obvious strength consists in his rare qualifications for transacting the enormously important business which the exigencies of the time will impose upon the next President of the United States. We specified these qualifications in the article on Mr. Hoover published on January 21st and need not repeat them here. In this respect not only does he clearly outclass every other Presidential candidate, but he no less clearly outclasses any other conspicuous American citizen. He looks, indeed, like a Providential gift to the American people for the office of pilot during the treacherous navigation of the next few years. At a moment when right action will be of supreme importance, he is the man who promises to be quick, considerate and resolute in action. That is why people who differ from him in policy can sustain his candidacy. We doubt whether any Presidential candidate has ever won the support of a more enlightened and disinterested constituency. But it is only too clear also that this constituency does not grow as fast as it should. In spite of his exceptional qualifications for the most essential part of the President's work and his large number of intelligent supporters, his candidacy has not benefitted, as it should, from the public discussion of its merits. What is the explanation of this hesitation? Is there any remedy for it?

A part of the explanation is tolerably obvious. Mr. Hoover's candidacy is non-partisan. The disinterested and enlightened people who believe in him, influential as they are, do not occupy positions of political importance. They include no professional politicians and very few men and women who care to spend much time and energy in urging

his nomination. The class of professional politicians and all their satellites and accomplices are enthusiastically and stubbornly opposed to Hoover. They will not tolerate a man who has the presumption to challenge their authority and to celebrate his entrance into the arena of politics by breaking their rules. Every staunch machine Republican or Democrat would rather lose with another and more amenable candidate than win with Hoover. They know how much a President with an independent mind and an exclusive eye for the public interest can do to disrupt party organization and undermine party loyalty. They fear such a President more than they fear God. In the 1912 campaign the Republican machine was ready to take any loss rather than consent to Roosevelt's nomination. The candidacy of Mr. Hoover challenges the power of the political machine as clearly, if less offensively, as did that of Theodore Roosevelt. As in the case of Mr. Roosevelt the machine of either party rather than consent to its own defeat will, if necessary, take refuge in political sabotage.

Mr. Hoover's supporters are not trying to overcome the stubborn and unscrupulous opposition which his candidacy necessarily incurs. They show no disposition to adopt the only tactics and strategy which could bestow on such a difficult enterprise a fair chance of success. They have fastened on Mr. Hoover as the visualization of their own disenchantment with the programs and personalities of the existing parties. They have reason to turn away disheartened and disgusted with the promises and performances of the regular party machines. They have reason to propose Herbert Hoover as a candidate who, if he were elected, would prove more nearly equal to assuming the impossible burden of the President's office than any other American in public life. But if they have the hardihood to propose Mr. Hoover as a non-partisan candidate, they are under some obligation to do the rough work indispensable to his nomination. In the case of Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, the candidate himself was able and willing to perform this part of the job. He was a skilful, aggressive and abounding political agitator. But Mr. Hoover is not an agitator and expressly disclaims any ability or inclination to become an agitator. He is chiefly a man of great affairs at a time when great affairs crowd and press upon the American people for shrewd, realistic and enlightened handling. The two political parties are not interested in him, because their situation, their traditions, their latent internal divisions and the infirmities of their leadership all condemn them to a petty interest in small affairs. The only chance of nominating Mr. Hoover depends upon the work of enthusiasts who are capable of climbing up to

the housetops and swarming on the highways to convince the American people that they are in danger of entrusting their destiny at a critical moment to cheap, blind, petty and headstrong men. His supporters are content to sit in their offices and their drawing-rooms, expatiate on the bankruptcy of the parties, bemoan the bleak outlook for wise and humane public policy, extol the superiority of Mr. Hoover over all the competing candidates, and wonder why the chances of his nomination do not improve.

The chances of his nomination do not improve because his supporters, intelligent and public spirited as most of them are, are themselves lacking in clear, realistic, ardent and united convictions about public policy. Mr. Hoover visualizes for them a protest against the ineptitude of the existing parties rather than the affirmation of some different and better attitude towards our national problems, in which they themselves warmly believe. They are leaving to him the specific definition of the new and better attitude towards our national problems. He is the George whom they are asking to do it all, and on whom they are imposing an impossible task. For by the very terms of his candidacy he will not, if elected, possess a loyal partisan majority in Congress. As President he will have to deal with a vexed, seething, suffering and disorganized world and in his dealings he will be hampered by the opposition of a surly legislature. This is too much for any man. If Mr. Hoover's supporters propose to give momentum to his candidacy, they will have to put reality into their convictions about its meaning. They cannot use him successfully to embody their discontent with the existing parties without supplying a positive and a popular substitute for the defects of those parties in principles, in public spirit and in leadership. They cannot do anything either to regenerate or to undermine the Republican and Democratic parties by expressing in the morning at the breakfast table a preference for Mr. Hoover.

In spite, however, of the tendency of a non-partisan candidacy to wear the unsympathetic aspect of neutrality and to win the allegiance chiefly of tepid people, Mr. Hoover's candidacy has clearly justified itself by what it has already accomplished. By calling attention to the failure of the candidates of the two old parties to satisfy the scruples and formulate the aspirations of moderate and enlightened Americans, it has helped already to change for the better the atmosphere of the Presidential campaign. Six weeks ago the reactionary candidates, such as Wood and Palmer, were all pretending that the country was in danger from disloyal conspirators and that its salvation depended

upon strong-armed generals, either attorney or military. The Hoover candidacy has helped to expose the baleful absurdity of this exaggeration of disloyalty for the purpose of rendering it convertible into political capital. The New York Republic's Convention in effect if not in words repudiated the super-patriots. The delegates listened to a speech from Mr. John Lord O'Brian in which he testified from personal knowledge to the loyalty of the resident aliens in the United States. They adopted a platform which, whatever its other drawbacks, is not in the least alarmist. It will certainly have the effect of moderating the patriotic ferocity, the mania for persecution, and the political exploitation of one hundred per cent Americanism, right or wrong, which until recently dominated and vitiated American political controversy. The submission of Mr. Hoover to the American people as a candidate has contributed essentially to the abatement of this nuisance. By appealing for support on reasonable grounds of undeniable force, it has helped to undermine the reign of patriotic violence in American politics.

But precisely because patriotic violence is ceasing to be an available political substitute for the formation of public policy and the honest discussion of differences, Mr. Hoover's candidacy must, if it is to develop, take on a somewhat different meaning. The platform of the New York Republicans was refreshingly free from violence, but barring a little pandering to social welfare sentiment it was devoid of liberal and humane aspirations. It did not betray the slightest apprehension on the part of its authors that modern society was still in the grip of a terrific calamity for which its past organization, behavior and ideals must be considered responsible. It expressed no compassion for the suffering of the peoples, no understanding of its causes, no sympathy with their hope of deliverance. On the contrary, it labored chiefly to forget the war and its consequences, to attribute its disasters to President Wilson, to recommend the Republican party as the indispensable agency of recovery, and the traditional policy of that party as the perfect incarnation of political and economic wisdom. If Mr. Hoover's candidacy is to continue to leaven American political opinion, the candidate and his supporters must more sharply distinguish it than they have yet done from this brass-hat Republicanism. They must appeal to the support of voters who rejoice at the resurrection of political reason and sanity not only for its own sake but because it removes an insuperable obstacle to the frank and fruitful discussion of an advanced liberal program. They must provide by means of Mr. Hoover's candidacy an expression for the con-

victions, the aspirations and the compassion which the Republicans so completely ignore, but which if ignored in current political discussion condemns those who perpetrate the ignorance, to superficiality, callousness, obscurantism and reaction.

From this point of view Mr. Hoover's recent speech before the Engineering Society was somewhat lacking in constructive vision. He does indeed understand fully the conditions and the aspirations which give impulse and reality to the demand for new flights of American liberal statesmanship. "We are faced," he said, "with a new orientation of our country to world problems. We face a Europe still at war, still amid social revolutions; some of its peoples still slacking on production; millions starving and therefore the safety of civilization still hanging by a slender thread. . . . We are swamped with debt and burdened with taxation. Credit is wofully inflated, speculation and waste is rampant. Our own productivity is decreasing. Our industrial population is crying for remedies for the increasing cost of living and aspiring to better conditions of life and labor. But beyond all this, great hopes and aspirations are abroad. Great moral and social forces have been stimulated by the war and will not be quieted by the ratification of peace." Yet the specific proposals which he puts forward as the immediate American answer to this stupendous question-mark do not measure up to the magnitude of his own description of its gravity. Whether Mr. Hoover is a candidate or not, he is one of the leaders of the American people during a decisive moment in their history. As one of their leaders whose experience is particularly illuminating and relevant, it is his business not only to arouse American public opinion to the sufferings of the European peoples and to the economic disorganization and the social instability of which this suffering is the result, but himself to become the spokesman in this country of those "great moral and social forces" which "have been stimulated by the war" and which will not and should not be quieted by the ratification of peace. If he does become the spokesman of these forces, his candidacy, no matter whether it succeeds or fails, will focus and inform American political thought and prepare it for future tasks. If he does not become the spokesman of these forces, the blight which withers and sterilizes all tepid political enterprises during crises in the transformation of society, will overtake his leadership. He is a man of great affairs, but at a time like this it requires great vision to transact great affairs. "The tents have been struck," said General Smuts, "and the great caravan of humanity is once more on the march." Instead of being in the vanguard of this march, as they were at the

foundation of the Republic, the American people are in danger of becoming the laggards. Mr. Hoover may not have the power of restoring them to the van, but if he makes a gallant attempt to do so he will vindicate the essential and primitive spirit of America and earn the affection and gratitude of future generations of his fellow-countrymen.

The "Return" of the Railroads

"FEDERAL Control shall terminate," says the Esch-Cummins railroad bill, "at 12.01 a. m., March 1, 1920." The draftsman was laboring under a curious delusion. The new law, which is to be in effect after the first of March, provides for a federal control as sweeping, as pervasive, detailed, as any that Mr. McAdoo or Mr. Hines ever exercised. There will be no "return" to private operation. All that the Esch-Cummins bill does is to put an end to direct, executive, efficient and powerful one-man federal control, and to substitute indirect, halting, defective and inefficient federal control by a commission of eleven quasi-judicial deliberators.

Before the war there was serious and well-grounded complaint that the Interstate Commerce Commission, by temperament and training a judicial body accustomed to slow movement guided by long argument and deliberation, was being overburdened with administrative and executive duties. It had to organize and keep in motion a large staff of boiler inspectors, ash-pan inspectors, safety appliance inspectors, block signal inspectors, and maintain them at high efficiency. It had to administer a gigantic engineering task of physical valuation. It had recently received new and important administrative powers over car service and over through routes and railway connections. It was pointed out that there was not on the commission a single man who had been trained as a railway executive. They were mostly lawyers, traffic experts, and college professors. It was a group which was at its best when confronted with large questions of legal or economic import, argued at length by able retainers of counsel, pondered over for weeks, and decided in carefully reasoned majority and minority opinions in which the precedents were reviewed and the evidence marshalled. It was pointed out that a headless body of legal and economic experts was at its worst when confronted with a situation which called for a quick, flexible, and emphatic succession of executive acts. It was urged that as a rate-making body, with power of industrial life or death over whole communities,

the commission was exercising functions sufficiently important to occupy the time of one such body, and that the executive functions should be shifted on to executive rather than deliberative shoulders.

What, now, is Congress doing? The following are some of the new executive functions which the Interstate Commerce Commission, now increased to eleven members, will be called upon to exercise: Administration of the six months' federal guarantee; formulation of rules and regulations under which employees and companies will nominate members of the Labor Board; adoption of rules and regulations as to car service and distribution; in case of congestion or equipment shortage—at present almost a chronic condition—power to assume virtually complete control over the distribution and movement of cars and locomotives, the joint use of facilities, the short-routing of traffic, etc., etc.; complete supervision over new railroad construction and extension, and over the abandonment of existing lines; power to prescribe what steps the railroads shall take to provide themselves with safe and adequate equipment; formulation of conditions under which terminals shall be used by competitors; division of the country into large railroad systems, and formulation of a plan for voluntary consolidation of the railroads of the United States; extraction of excess earnings from prosperous roads, and administration of the contingent fund so acquired; making of loans to impecunious roads out of this fund; purchasing, constructing, and repairing railroad equipment out of the fund, and selling or leasing it to needy railroads; supervision of all new security issues, and of the purposes for which the proceeds thereof are to be spent; and finally, establishment of an information bureau in all the principle ports for news of ocean freight rates, sailings, routes, etc.

It is apparent that there is hardly an aspect of railroading, whether related to operation, construction, traffic, rates, finance, or equipment, over which the authority of this unwieldy commission of eleven will not extend. In addition an advisory power over the whole field of labor relations, over wages, hours, conditions and rules of work, is given to a new governmental commission of nine, to be appointed by the President, in part from nominees of employers and employees.

Under the old system of direct, executive federal control, Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hines achieved, despite obstacles that were wellnigh insuperable, a surprising measure of success. What prospect is there that the new Esch-Cummins system of indirect deliberative federal control will prove equally successful?

The new federal control starts off, at the outset, with a serious handicap. It starts out with the deep

and determined ill will of the whole body of railroad employees. Not only has their own carefully considered plan of national ownership and employees' operation been dismissed by Congress without even the courtesy of an intelligent criticism, but Congress has adopted a law under which capital is guaranteed for six months its full expenses of operation plus its pre-war profits, while labor is not even guaranteed a living wage. As a meager sop to labor the bill forbids wage reductions for six months, but the employees can hardly be expected to consider this a very farreaching safeguard, since their contention is precisely that to bring their wages in line with the cost of living and with wages in other industries there must be substantial wage increases. An elaborate and powerless system of wage boards is established, but it has no mandate from Congress to base wages upon the cost of living and the general level of wages. It is merely instructed to take these factors, "so far as applicable," as well as a number of others, "into consideration." Contrast this with the rate-making mandate of the Interstate Commerce Commission: In fixing rates, says the Esch-Cummins bill the Interstate Commerce Commission *shall* establish such rates that the carriers, nationally or by groups, *will* earn a fair return over and above their reasonable expenditures, and for the first two years such fair return *shall* be five and a half per cent. Capital, by dint of unceasing propaganda has secured a mandatory rule of rate-making. Labor must content itself with the assurance that the wage board will "take into consideration" the cost of living, "so far as applicable," and grant or refuse a living wage as it deems expedient.

The second reason for the ill will of labor toward the new federal control is that there is a well-grounded suspicion that concealed beneath ambiguous and apparently innocent phraseology there is language in the bill which will authorize the courts to enjoin any strike on any railroad in the United States. It is true that the anti-strike clauses in the Cummins bill were emphatically rejected by the House. The conference bill merely provides that "it shall be the duty" of railroads and employees to "exert every reasonable effort and adopt every available means" to avoid interruption of transportation, and that all disputes "shall be considered and if possible decided" by conference between employees and railroads, and that if they are not so decided, they "shall be referred" to wage boards established under the act. The language is merely hortatory; there is no penalty attached, and no express authority to any court to issue an injunction. But neither did the Lever act in terms authorize injunctions, yet Judge Anderson found no difficulty in

granting one. Is it not probable that the conferees, lacking the courage to adopt a frank anti-strike provision, designedly used language from which a reactionary judge at the behest of a reactionary attorney general could find by implication authority to issue an injunction? Mr. Gompers has charged that the general counsel of the Association of Railway Executives has sent out a telegram to his clients advising them that "the only difference between the anti-strike clause in the Cummins bill and the one in the re-drafted conference measure was that in the former a penalty could be imposed by a jury, while in the latter an injunction method would be followed and the penalty fixed and assessed by a court in contempt proceedings and not by a jury." The vague language of the clause gives much plausibility to this charge.

The antagonism of labor toward the new system of federal control is therefore well-grounded. But the eleven directors-general of our railroads will have other troubles. Capital is, for the moment, reconciled by the temporary anodyne of the six months' guarantee, but the terms of the bill are such that before long the railroad corporations will again be found arrayed in obstructive opposition to the government. The attempt to establish an automatic statutory rule of rate-making will prove delusive. However the matter may be cloaked in legalistic legerdemain, the profits of the railroad corporations will still be under the arbitrary control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. There will begin again the familiar campaigns of propaganda and political manoeuvring, to persuade the Interstate Commerce Commission that the railroads are financially sick, that their expenses are mounting, that business repression and labor troubles lie ahead, and that rates must therefore be raised. There will be not only the old crop of court appeals and injunctions and lawyers' attempts to paralyze the commission and tie it up into legal snarls, but there will be new and doubly bitter controversies over the constitutionality of the "recapture" of excess earnings, over the construction and constitutionality of the new rule of rate making, over fundamental questions of valuation, consolidation, and competition. Every rate adjustment, every new issue of securities, every extension of railroad track, every project of consolidation, every scheme of car distribution and traffic routing, must be fought out in an atmosphere of legal precedents, constitutional theories, injunctions, dilatory appeals, paralyzing legal delays. For every defect in railroad service, for every weakness in railroad finance, the railroads will again, as they have in the past, throw the blame on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Commission will again, as it has in the past, throw the blame on the

railroads and bankers. Instead of federal control by an administrator who could establish a policy and discharge his subordinates if they did not carry it out, we will have federal control by eleven administrators, who even if they can agree on a policy among themselves, can enforce it only by setting in motion a supremely complicated system of complaints, hearings, orders, court petitions, appeals and indictments.

He will be a bold optimist who predicts that a new venture in federal control which sets out under such unhappy auspices, with such cumbersome and ineffectual machinery, with labor already in bitter antagonism and capital soon to be forced into antagonism, can hold forth any prospect of success or permanence. Despite its elaborate and pretentious clauses, despite the thousands of pages of testimony and the months of deliberation devoted to its preparation, despite the technical skill and painstaking labor of its draftsmen, the Esch-Cummins bill is no more than a temporary makeshift, preserved from immediate collapse only by the six months' guarantee. The task which the House and Senate set out to accomplish more than a year ago still lies in the future, the task, namely, of establishing a financially sound, administratively efficient and above all a democratic national railway system.

Peace with Russia

SOME weeks ago when the Supreme War Council in Paris decided for the first time since the spring of 1917 to recognize the existence of the Russian people as human beings with impulses and needs of their own, it scrupulously distinguished in the statement of its new policy between economic assistance to the Russians and traffic of any kind with the Soviet government. The Allied nations would trade with the Cooperatives, but they would and could have nothing to do with a government which they had denounced as an essentially criminal conspiracy against human welfare. The opponents of the new policy immediately insisted on the unreality of the distinction. Whatever the present relationship between the Cooperatives and the Soviet government, they said, trade with Russia, once opened up, could not be limited to trade with the Cooperative societies. It would necessarily include the satisfaction, so far as possible, of the demands of those industries operated by the Russian government. It would necessarily imply the dispatch of consular officials to Russia, the opening up of other routes of communication, and the restoration of normal relationships all along the line. In short it would imply a treaty of peace and the

recognition of Soviets as the de facto government of the country. The opponents of the proposal to trade through the Cooperatives considered that the threat of peace and of unofficial recognition as the inevitable consequence of the opening up of trade, would compel the abandonment of the plan.

They were right in pointing out the unreality of the distinction between trading with the Russian people and treating the only existing Russian government as an outlaw. They were wrong in expecting the threat of peace and of some future recognition of the Soviets to compel the abandonment of the idea of trade resumption. It is as certain as any future political event can be that the Allied nations will very soon negotiate formal peace with Soviet Russia. This peace will necessarily involve the substantial recognition of the government which only a couple of weeks ago Elihu Root was still denouncing as an abomination in the eyes of the Lord and as a stench in the nostrils of all decent human beings. As for the United States, it will, of course, troop obediently along well in the rear of its European associates. America, too, will trade with Soviet Russia, sign a peace with its existing government and consequently recognize to that extent the outlawed Bolsheviks. The State Department will grumble about the abandonment of the high purposes which forced us to starve the Russian people. The Union League Club, as the foremost spokesman of American democracy, will protest against the violation of American ideals. But grumblings and protests will not avail. Peace with Russia is coming.

The attitude and the situation of Poland is the immediate fact which renders the signing of a general peace inevitable. That country occupied the key position in the plans of the anti-Soviet French political strategists. The Poles were to supply the garrison of the most vulnerable part of the great Chinese Wall which French statesmen wished to build around the Russian Revolution. In order to carry out this policy Poland has since the armistice wasted her resources, impoverished her people, and indefinitely delayed her domestic recuperation. But she has now come to the end of her tether. General Pilsudski, the President of the Polish Republic, has declared peace to be a vital necessity of his country. The Poles are negotiating with the Russians and judging from the success of previous negotiations between Russia and the former Baltic provinces, the two parties will reach an agreement. Peace with Poland for Soviet Russia means peace with the world. Poland instead of being the barrier between the Soviets and Western Europe seems destined

rather to become the bond. The British, the Italian, the German, the Czech and the Serbian governments are also actually moving towards peace. French diplomacy and statesmanship instead of isolating Russia in Europe have succeeded temporarily in isolating France.

The prospect of an early peace has produced an astounding alteration in the character of the Russian news which appears in the American newspapers. A few weeks ago they were still occupied chiefly in portraying Soviet Russia as a mass of ignorant and rebellious peasants governed by a gang of lecherous and murderous criminals. Now they are beginning to disseminate news about Russia which only recently they would have denounced as pro-Bolshevik propaganda. A correspondent of the New York Times travels to Petrograd and gives a lively and sympathetic account of his Bolshevik companions on the journey. Instead of being degenerate beasts these particular Bolsheviks appear as considerate, kindly and entertaining fellow travelers. A correspondent of the New York World penetrates to Moscow and obtains an interview with the lion of Bolshevism in his lair in the Kremlin. He treats his readers to a sympathetic account of the archcriminal, who in the interview that accompanies the account, displayed an understanding of the economic and political realities of contemporary Europe which many a western statesman of spotless reputation would do well to envy and to imitate. In printing material of this kind about the Bolsheviks, conservative newspapers are undoing the effect of their years of malignant anti-Bolshevik propaganda. They are helping their readers to regard the leaders of Soviet Russia not as blood-stained outlaws, but as intelligent and frequently disinterested men, who, however mistaken and perverted they may be in their ideas, are on the whole rather less given to bloodshed and oppression than the heads of revolutionary governments usually are.

So passes one of the most costly and fantastic hallucinations in the history of modern Europe. It was born of the anxieties, the fears, the illusions and the tired and febrile nerves of the last year of the war. The cessation of the fighting should have brought it to an end, but there were powerful interests opposed to appeasement and they deliberately and successfully nourished by propaganda this grotesque and hideous product of the prolonged war. The newspapers of the world whose peculiar business it is to communicate trustworthy information and so to check the growth of the dangerous illusions which are almost certain to form in an atmosphere of ignorance and nervous excitement,—the newspapers themselves became

the willing agents of this propaganda. They created the state of mind which enabled the enemies of the Russian Revolution to render abortive the peace overtures by Lloyd George in February 1919. In depicting Soviet Russia as the victim of criminal anarchy and in advocating a war of extermination against it, they were themselves the accomplices of a policy which Christian statesmen will some day condemn as in itself essentially criminal. They entirely ignored the Russian peasant and the reasons which induced him to consent to the government of the Soviets. The Russian peasant accepted the Bolshevik dictatorship, because he could not get peace under any other leadership. Yet, later, when he could purchase peace by turning against the Bolsheviks he refused it. Now only is he to get the peace for which he sacrificed so much in the fall of 1917. Both in demanding and refusing peace the Russian people were affirming and vindicating their right against a world in arms to follow the light as they saw it.

The Treaty Cracks

MR. WILSON'S view up to the time he entered the Big Four was that a League with guarantees would be set up only on a tolerably good treaty. That is the meaning of the Fourteen Points. That was Mr. Wilson's view as late as December 1918 when he replied to M. Clemenceau in a speech at Manchester. But at Paris he saw a bad treaty being written. Suddenly his view changed. He argued, and those of his supporters who were loyal to him rather than to the ideas he had represented were very insistent, that the worse the Treaty, the more necessary the League.

This argument created a temporary schism among American liberals. They were agreed that the Treaty was indefensible. But one faction said the League was the reviser of the Treaty. The other faction, to which the New Republic belongs, said that the League was the guarantor of the Treaty. The first group said the League would make a bad job better; the other said it would make a bad job worse. Both cases were sincerely argued. The President, in his stand on Fiume, if the reiterated reports of the New York Times are to be trusted, has now cut the ground from under the liberal faction which had remained loyal to him. He accepts the view always taken in these columns that the League is fundamentally the guarantor and not the reviser of the Treaty.

Washington, February 17 (Associated Press) . . . the explanation was made in official quarters that the League of Nations was to be the instrument for enforcing various agreements as to boundaries and the like, and that if the

United States became a party to the Treaty of Versailles it thus would be subscribing to the enforcement of agreements to which it had not given either its approval or consent.

A more extraordinary record than that of the last eight months it would be difficult to imagine. The Treaty with Germany is submitted to the Senate in July. It must be ratified at once, says Mr. Wilson. It must be ratified without examining its terms, without examining the incompleteness of Austrian, Hungarian, Polish, Turkish, African settlements. It must be ratified without knowing about the Fiume settlement. Months pass. The Treaty is not ratified. By January, that is to say six months after it is submitted, the President writes his Jackson Day letter. He is no longer in a hurry. If he cannot have the Treaty unamended, he will wait fourteen months more until there has been a solemn referendum. A few weeks more pass. He finds that the Allies are ready to yield to Italy in regard to Fiume. On this issue the President threatens to withdraw the very Treaty and smash the very League which in the summer had to be ratified without question. In the summer it was a crime not to ratify though the world was in ignorance of what the ultimate settlement at Fiume might be. In the winter it may become impossible to ratify if the Fiume compromise is accepted. Eight months ago the Senate was denounced because it would not sign a blank check. Now the Allies are told that America will not sign a check covering the comparatively moderate though intrinsically serious amount of damage involved in the Fiume compromise.

If the President and his followers are right now about Fiume, they have been wrong these many months about the Treaty. To strain at the Volosca strip and swallow Shantung, the Tyrol, the seizure of the Saar, the indefinite occupation of the Rhineland, the dismemberment of East Prussia, the "mandate" over Eastern Galicia, and the spoliation of Bulgaria,—to accept and to guarantee all these iniquities and then balk at Fiume is to have lost a sense of proportion. If the President can threaten to destroy the Treaty because he will not guarantee the Adriatic, can any one question the duty of the Senate to examine with the utmost care every other item in the settlement? To make Fiume the test of virtue is as discriminating as to say that you may commit robbery on Broadway but not in Brooklyn.

The truth of the matter is that the Treaty of Versailles has collapsed at home and abroad, and with it has collapsed the argument of those who have tried to put a good face on a wretched job. It is riddled and defeated. It is rejected by the conscience of mankind. It is unenforceable.

Through the formation of new cabinets, through the rise of liberal forces, through the rapid enlightenment of the public opinion of the world, through the leadership of men no longer frightened by the bogey of the war psychology, through the restoration of free speech, the nations move irresistibly towards a new international conference where the work done at Paris will be revised from cellar to roof.

Every important conception on which that Treaty rests is false, and the sooner the document is cleared out of the way the better for mankind. What is the conception of that Treaty? A military alliance of the victorious great powers compelled to guarantee the status quo if any one of them vetoes a revision. An inner alliance by three of these five under which France is given a free hand upon the continent. A territorial settlement from the Saar to Shantung and from the Baltic to the Indian Ocean spotted with Alsace-Lorraines. The whole structure premised upon the exclusion of Russia from the outer world, the suppression of German development, the Balkanization of Central Europe, and the domination of China by Japan, and of the Moslem world, of the Near East and of Africa by Britain and France. Over a continent that is sick and poor the Treaty places an absolutely autocratic Reparations Commission with power to extinguish the productivity of the great industrial centers of Europe; between the starving artisans of the west and the peasants of the European granaries the pseudo-statesmen of Paris have placed and have tried to maintain a cordon of death.

The result is the stagnation of European civilization. The result is not peace but disease, despair and feudal hatreds. To win elections, to stay in office, to avoid being called pro-German by Northcliffe or Pertinax or Ochs they have left Europe worse than it was the day Germany surrendered. They have left not a treaty of peace but a public nuisance for other men to clear away before they can construct that peace without which the life of Europe cannot be made tolerable. If further proof were needed of the downright foolishness of the diplomats who made this peace it is to be found in their recent performance about the war criminals. They demand the Kaiser, hoping to heaven they will not get him. They do not get him. They make faces at Holland, so as to be sure the Dutch will dislike them. Then they yield. No, they compromise. Instead of a Roman holiday with the Kaiser on trial within sight of his cousin's residence at Buckingham Palace they compromise on leaving him just where he is, surrounded by a slightly enlarged police force in the village of Amerongen and imbued with the conviction that the Allies are pretty poor bluffers. So much for the Kaiser.

Then they go after the war criminals in Germany. They prepare a mighty list. They make faces at Germany. The German government refuses, and they compromise by accepting the German proposal. Thus they convince the Germans by the demand for a trial in Allied courts that they have no sense of the distinction between judge and prosecutor, and then they convince the Germans that the Allied governments do not mean what they say. They revive a maximum of hatred and they get no criminals. Instead of displaying the magnanimity which necessity, if nothing else, dictated to them, they yield to necessity after they have destroyed all the benefits of magnanimity.

With such people it is not possible to do business. They will have to go, and be replaced by men who have not lost the power to reason. By the time those men are in office, all the world will know that the Treaty is dead, and that a new one must be written. America will participate in the writing of it. America will be represented at the real peace congress which is still to take place. She will be represented because she will have recovered from the nausea brought on by the fiasco at Paris. She will be represented because she holds ten billion dollars worth of obligations from the European countries. She will not tear them up and take nothing in return, nor will she try to collect them. She will, if statesmen lead her, sell those obligations back to Europe in return for a peace made by Europe in the interest of the peace of the world. What is more, when the determination to make such a peace has become apparent she will not fail to extend financial credits where they are needed. She cannot extend them now. She cannot forgive the debt now. To do so would be to pour money into a continent that is doomed to idleness and waste by the Treaty of Versailles.

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Shantung, As Seen From Within

I

AMERICAN apologists for that part of the Peace Treaty which relates to China have the advantage of the illusions of distance. Most of the arguments seem strange to anyone who lives in China even for a few months. He finds the Japanese on the spot using the old saying about territory consecrated by treasure spent and blood shed. He reads in Japanese papers and hears from moderately liberal Japanese that Japan must protect China as well as Japan, against herself, against her own weak or corrupt government, by keeping control of Shantung to prevent China from again alienating that territory to some other power.

The history of European aggression in China gives this argument great force among the Japanese, who for the most part know nothing more about what actually goes on in China than they used to know about Korean conditions. These considerations, together with the immense expectations raised among the Japanese during the war concerning their coming domination of the Far East and the unswerving demand of excited public opinion in Japan during the Versailles Conference for the settlement that actually resulted, give an ironic turn to the statement so often made that Japan may be trusted to carry out her promises. Yes, one is often tempted to say, that is precisely what China fears, that Japan will carry out her promises, for then China is doomed. To one who knows the history of foreign aggression in China, especially the technique of conquest by railway and finance, the irony of promising to keep economic rights while returning sovereignty lies so on the surface that it is hardly irony. China might as well be offered Kant's Critique of Pure Reason on a silver platter as sovereignty under such conditions. The latter is equally metaphysical.

A visit to Shantung and a short residence in its capital city, Tsinan, made the conclusions, which so far as I know every foreigner in China has arrived at, a living thing. It gave a vivid picture of the many and intimate ways in which economic and political rights are inextricably entangled together. It made one realize afresh that only a President who kept himself innocent of any knowledge of secret treaties during the war, could be naïve enough to believe that the promise to return complete sovereignty retaining *only* economic rights is a satisfactory solution. It threw fresh light upon the contention that at most and at worst Japan had only taken over German rights, and that since we

had acquiesced in the latter's arrogations we had no call to make a fuss about Japan. It revealed the hollowness of the claim that pro-Chinese propaganda had wilfully misled Americans into confusing the few hundred square miles around the port of Tsing-tao with the Province of Shantung with its thirty millions of Chinese population.

As for the comparison of Germany and Japan one might suppose that the objects for which America nominally entered the war had made, in any case, a difference. But aside from this consideration, the Germans exclusively employed Chinese in the railway shops and for all the minor positions on the railway itself. The railway guards (the difference between police and soldiers is nominal in China) were all Chinese, the Germans merely training them. As soon as Japan invaded Shantung and took over the railway, Chinese workmen and Chinese military guards were at once dismissed and Japanese imported to take their places. Tsinan-fu, the inland terminus of the ex-German railway, is over two hundred miles from Tsing-tao. When the Japanese took over the German railway business office, they at once built barracks, and to-day there are several hundred soldiers still there—where Germany kept none. Since the armistice even, Japan has erected a powerful military wireless within the grounds of the garrison, against of course the unavailing protest of Chinese authorities. No foreigner can be found who will state that Germany used her ownership of port and railway to discriminate against other nations. No Chinese can be found who will claim that this ownership was used to force the Chinese out of business, or to extend German economic rights beyond those definitely assigned her by treaty. Common sense should also teach even the highest paid propagandist in America that there is, from the standpoint of China, an immense distinction between a national menace located half way around the globe, and one within two days' sail over an inland sea absolutely controlled by a foreign navy, especially as the remote nation has no other foothold and the nearby one already dominates additional territory of enormous strategic and economic value—namely, Manchuria.

These facts bear upon the shadowy distinction between the Tsing-tao and the Shantung claim, as well as upon the solid distinction between German and Japanese occupancy. If there still seemed to be a thin wall between Japanese possession of the port of Tsing-tao and usurpation of Shantung, it was

enough to stop off the train in Tsinan-fu to see the wall crumble. For the Japanese wireless and the barracks of the army of occupation are the first things that greet your eyes. Within a few hundred feet of the railway that connects Shanghai, via the important center of Tientsin, with the capital, Peking, you see Japanese soldiers on the nominally Chinese street, guarding their barracks. Then you learn that if you travel upon the ex-German railway towards Tsing-tao, you are ordered to show your passport as if you were entering a foreign country. And as you travel along the road (remembering that you are over two hundred miles from Tsing-tao) you find Japanese soldiers at every station, and several garrisons and barracks at important towns on the line. Then you realize that at the shortest possible notice, Japan could cut all communications between southern China (together with the rich Yangste region) and the capital, and with the aid of the Southern Manchurian railway at the north of the capital, hold the entire coast and descend at its good pleasure upon Peking.

You are then prepared to learn from eye-witnesses that when Japan made its Twenty-one Demands upon China, machine guns were actually in position at strategic points, throughout Shantung, with trenches dug and sandbags placed. You know that the Japanese liberal spoke the truth, who told you, after a visit to China and return to protest against the action of his government, that the Japanese already had such a military hold upon China that they could control the country within a week, after a minimum of fighting, if war should arise. You also realize the efficiency of official control of information and domestic propaganda as you recall that he also told you that these things were true at the time of his visit, under the Terauchi cabinet, but had been completely reversed by the present Hara ministry. For I have yet to find a single foreigner or Chinese who is conscious of any difference of policy, save as the end of the war has forced the necessity of more caution, since other nations can now look China-wards as they could not during the war.

An American can get an idea of the realities of the present situation if he imagines a foreign garrison and military wireless in Wilmington, with a railway from that point to a fortified sea-port controlled by the foreign power, at which the foreign nation can land, without resistance, troops as fast as they can be transported, and with bases of supply, munitions, food, uniforms, etc., already located at Wilmington, at the sea-port and several places along the line. Reverse the directions from south to north, and Wilmington will stand for Tsinan-fu, Shanghai for New York, Nanking for

Philadelphia with Peking standing for the seat of government at Washington, and Tientsin for Baltimore. Suppose in addition that the Pennsylvania road is the sole means of communication between Washington and the chief commercial and industrial centers, and you have the framework of the Shantung picture as it presents itself daily to the inhabitants of China. Upon second thought, however, the parallel is not quite accurate. You have to add that the same foreign nation controls also all coast communications from, say, Raleigh southwards, with railway lines both to the nearby coast and to New Orleans. For (still reversing directions) this corresponds to the position of Imperial Japan in Manchuria with its railways to Dairen and through Korea to a port twelve hours sail from a great military center in Japan proper. These are not remote possibilities nor vague prognostications. They are accomplished facts.

Yet the facts give *only* the framework of the picture. What is actually going on within Shantung? One of the demands of the "postponed" group of the Twenty-one Demands was that Japan should supply military and police advisers to China. They are not so much postponed but that Japan enforced specific concessions from China during the war by diplomatic threats to reintroduce their discussion, or so postponed that Japanese advisers are not already installed in the police headquarters of the city of Tsinan, the capital city of Shantung of three hundred thousand population where the Provincial Assembly meets and all the Provincial officials reside. Within recent months the Japanese consul has taken a company of armed soldiers with him when he visited the Provincial Governor to make certain demands upon him, the visit being punctuated by an ostentatious surrounding of the Governor's yamen by these troops. Within the past few weeks, two hundred cavalry came to Tsinan and remained there while Japanese officials demanded of the Governor drastic measures to suppress the boycott, while it was threatened to send Japanese troops to police the foreign settlement if the demand was not heeded.

A former consul was indiscreet enough to put into writing that if the Chinese Governor did not stop the boycott and the students' movement by force if need be, he would take matters into his own hands. The chief tangible charge he brought against the Chinese as a basis of his demand for "protection" was that Chinese store-keepers actually refused to accept Japanese money in payment for goods, not ordinary Japanese money at that, but the military notes with which, so as to save drain upon the bullion reserves, the army of occupation is paid. And all this, be it remembered, is more

than two hundred miles from Tsing-tao and from eight to twelve months after the armistice. Today's paper reports a visit of Japanese to the Governor to inform him that unless he should prevent a private theatrical performance from being given in Tsinan by the students, they would send their own forces into the settlement to protect themselves. And the utmost they might need protection from, was that the students were to give some plays designed to foster the boycott!

Japanese troops overran the Province before they made any serious attempt to capture Tsing-tao. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that they "took" the Chinese Tsinan before they took the German Tsing-tao. Propaganda in America has justified this act on the ground that a German railway to the rear of Japanese forces would have been a menace. As there were no troops but only legal and diplomatic papers with which to attack the Japanese, it is a fair inference that the "menace" was located in Versailles rather than in Shantung, and concerned the danger of Chinese control of their own territory. Chinese have been arrested by Japanese gendarmes in Tsinan and subjected to a torturing third degree of the kind that Korea has made sickeningly familiar. The Japanese claim that the injuries were received while the men were resisting arrest. Considering that there was no more legal ground for arrest than there would be if Japanese police arrested Americans in New York, almost anybody but the pacifist Chinese certainly would have resisted. But official hospital reports testify to bayonet wounds and the marks of flogging. In the interior where the Japanese had been disconcerted by the student propaganda they raided a High School, seized a school boy at random, and took him to a distant point and kept him locked up several days. When the Japanese consul at Tsinan was visited by Chinese officials in protest against these illegal arrests, the consul disclaimed all jurisdiction. The matter, he said, was wholly in the hands of the military authorities in Tsing-tao. His disclaimer was emphasized by the fact that some of the kidnapped Chinese were taken to Tsing-tao for "trial."

The matter of economic rights in relation to political domination will be discussed in part two of this article. It is no pleasure for one with many warm friends in Japan, who has a great admiration for the Japanese people as distinct from the ruling military and bureaucratic class, to report such facts as have been stated. One might almost say, one might positively say from the standpoint of Japan itself, that the worst thing that can be charged against the policy of Japan in China for the last six

years is its immeasurably stupidity. No nation has ever misjudged the national psychology of another people as Japan has that of China. The alienation of China is widespread, deep, bitter. Even the most pessimistic of the Chinese who think that China is to undergo a complete economic and political domination by Japan do not think it can possibly last, even without outside intervention, more than half a century at most.

Today, at the beginning of a new year, the boycott is much more complete and efficient than in the most tense days of last summer. Unfortunately, the Japanese policy seems to be under a truly Greek fate which drives it on. Concessions that would have produced a revulsion of feeling in favor of Japan a year ago will now merely salve the surface of the wound. What would have been welcomed even eight months ago would now be received with contempt. There is but one way in which Japan can now restore herself. It is nothing less than complete withdrawal from Shantung, with possibly a strictly commercial concession at Tsing-tao and a real, not a Manchurian, Open Door.

According to the Japanese-owned newspapers published in Tsinan, the Japanese military commander in Tsing-tao recently made a speech to visiting journalists from Tokyo in which he said: "The suspicions of China cannot now be allayed merely by repeating that we have no territorial ambitions in China. We must attain complete economic domination of the Far East. But if Sino-Japanese relations do not improve, some third party will reap the benefit. Japanese residing in China incur the hatred of the Chinese. For they regard themselves as the proud citizens of a conquering country. When the Japanese go into partnership with the Chinese they manage in the greater number of cases to have the profits accrue to themselves. If friendship between China and Japan is to depend wholly upon the government it will come to nothing. Diplomats, soldiers, merchants, journalists should repent the past. The change must be complete." But it will not be complete until the Japanese withdraw from Shantung leaving their nationals there upon the footing of other foreigners in China..

II

In discussing the return to China by Japan of a metaphysical sovereignty while economic rights are retained, I shall not repeat the details of German treaty rights as to the railway and the mines. The reader is assumed to be familiar with those facts. The German seizure was outrageous. It was a flagrant case of Might making Right. As von Buelow cynically but frankly told the Reichstag,

while Germany did not intend to partition China, she also did not intend to be the passenger left behind in the station when the train started. Germany had the excuse of prior European aggressions, and in turn her usurpation was the precedent for further foreign rape. If judgments are made on a comparative basis, Japan is entitled to all of the white-washing that can be derived from the provocations of European imperialistic powers, including those that in domestic policy are democratic. And every fairminded person will recognize that, leaving China out of the reckoning, Japan's proximity to China gives her aggressions the color of self-defence in a way that cannot be urged in behalf of any European power.

It is possible to look at European aggressions in, say, Africa as incidents of a colonization movement. But no foreign policy in Asia can shelter itself behind any colonization plea. For continental Asia is, for practical purposes, India and China, representing two of the oldest civilizations of the globe and presenting two of its densest populations. If there is any such thing in truth as a philosophy of history with its own inner and inevitable logic, one may well shudder to think of what the closing acts of the drama of the intercourse of the West and East are to be. In any case, and with whatever comfort may be derived from the fact that the American continents have not taken part in the aggression and hence may act as a mediator to avert the final tragedy, residence in China forces upon one the realization that Asia is, after all, a large figure in the future reckoning of history. Asia is really here after all. It is not simply a symbol in western algebraic balances of trade. And in the future, so to speak, it is going to be even more here, with its awakened national consciousness of about half the population of the whole globe.

Let the agreements of France and Great Britain made with Japan during the war stand for the measure of western consciousness of the reality of a small part of Asia, a consciousness generated by the patriotism of Japan backed by its powerful army and navy. The same agreement measures western unconsciousness of the reality of that part of Asia which lies within the confines of China. An even better measure of western unconsciousness may be found perhaps in such a trifling incident as this:—An English friend long resident in Shantung told me of writing indignantly home concerning the British part in the Shantung settlement. The reply came, complacently stating that Japanese ships did so much in the war that the Allies could not properly refuse to recognize Japan's claims.

The secret agreements themselves hardly speak as eloquently for the absence of China from the average western consciousness. In saying that China and Asia are to be enormously significant figures in future reckonings, the spectre of a military Yellow Peril is not meant nor even the more credible spectre of an industrial Yellow Peril. But Asia has come to consciousness, and her consciousness of herself will soon be such a massive and persistent thing that it will force itself upon the reluctant consciousness of the west, and lie heavily upon its conscience. And for this fact, China and the western world are indebted to Japan.

These remarks are more relevant to a consideration of the relationship of economic and political rights in Shantung than they perhaps seem. For a moment's reflection will call to mind that all political foreign aggression in China has been carried out for commercial and financial ends, and usually upon some economic pretext. As to the immediate part played by Japan in bringing about a consciousness which will from the present time completely change the relations of the western powers to China, let one little story testify. Some representatives of an English missionary board were making a tour of inspection through China. They went into an interior town in Shantung. They were received with extraordinary cordiality by the entire population. Some time afterwards some of their accompanying friends returned to the village and were received with equally surprising coldness. It came out upon inquiry that the inhabitants had first been moved by the rumor that these people were sent by the British government to secure the removal of the Japanese. Later they were moved by indignation that they had been disappointed.

It takes no forcing to see a symbol in this incident. Part of it stands for the almost incredible ignorance which has rendered China so impotent nationally speaking. The other part of it stands for the new spirit which has been aroused even among the common people in remote districts. Those who fear, or who pretend to fear, a new Boxer movement, or a definite general anti-foreign movement, are, I think, mistaken. The new consciousness goes much deeper. Foreign policies that fail to take it into account and that think that relations with China can be conducted upon the old basis will find this new consciousness obtruding in the most unexpected and perplexing ways.

One might fairly say, still speaking comparatively, that it is part of the bad luck of Japan that her proximity to China, and the opportunity the war gave her to outdo the aggressions of European

powers, have made her the first victim of this disconcerting change. Whatever the motives of the American Senators in completely disassociating the United States from the peace settlement as regards China, their action is a permanent asset to China, not only in respect to Japan but with respect to all Chinese foreign relations. Just before our visit to Tsinan, the Shantung Provincial Assembly had passed a resolution of thanks to the American Senate. More significant is the fact that they passed another resolution to be cabled to the English Parliament, calling attention to the action of the American Senate and inviting similar action. China in general and Shantung in particular feels the reenforcement of an external approval. With this duplication, its national consciousness has as it were solidified. Japan is simply the first object to be affected.

The concrete working out of economic rights in Shantung will be illustrated by a single case which will have to stand as typical. Po-shan is an interior mining village. The mines were not part of the German booty; they were Chinese owned. The Germans, whatever their ulterior aims, had made no attempt at dispossessing the Chinese. The mines, however, are at the end of a branch line of the new Japanese owned railway—owned by the government, not by a private corporation, and guarded by Japanese soldiers. Of the forty mines, the Japanese have worked their way, in only four years, into all but four. Different methods are used. The simplest is, of course, discrimination in the use of the railway for shipping. Downright refusal to furnish cars while competitors who accepted Japanese partners got them, is one method. Another more elaborate method is to send but one car when a large number is asked for, and then when it is too late to use cars, send the whole number asked for or even more, and then charge a large sum for demurrage in spite of the fact the mine no longer wants them or has cancelled the order. Redress there is none.

Tsinan has no special foreign concessions. It is, however, a "treaty port" where nationals of all friendly powers can do business. But Po-shan is not even a treaty port. Legally speaking no foreigner can lease land or carry on any business there. Yet the Japanese have forced a settlement as large in area as the entire foreign settlement in the much larger town in Tsinan. A Chinese refused to lease land where the Japanese wished to relocate their railway station. Nothing happened to him directly. But merchants could not get shipping space, or receive goods by rail. Some of them were beaten up by thugs. After a time, they used their influence with their compatriot to lease his land.

Immediately the persecutions ceased. Not all the land has been secured by threats or coercion; some has been leased directly by Chinese moved by high prices, in spite of the absence of any legal sanction. In addition, the Japanese have obtained control of the electric light works and some pottery factories, etc.

Now even admitting that this is typical of the methods by which the Japanese plant themselves, a natural American reaction would be to say that, after all, the country is built up industrially by these enterprises, and that though the rights of some individuals may have been violated, there is nothing to make a national, much less an international fuss about. More or less unconsciously we translate foreign incidents into terms of our own experience and environment, and thus miss the entire point. Since America was largely developed by foreign capital to our own economic benefit and without political encroachments, we lazily suppose some such separation of the economic and political to be possible in China. But it must be remembered that China is not an open country. Foreigners can lease land, carry on business, and manufacture only in accord with express treaty agreements. There are no such agreements in the cases typified by the Po-shan incident. We may profoundly disagree with the closed economic policy of China, or we may believe that under existing circumstances it represents the part of prudence for her. That makes no difference. *Given the frequent occurrence of such economic invasions, with the backing of soldiers of the Imperial Army, with the overt aid of the Imperial Railway, and with the refusal of Imperial officials to intervene, there is clear evidence of the attitude and intention of the Japanese government in Shantung.*

Because the population of Shantung is directly confronted with an immense amount of just such evidence, it cannot take seriously the professions of vague diplomatic utterances. What foreign nation is going to intervene to enforce Chinese rights in such a case as Po-shan? Which one is going effectively to call the attention of Japan to such evidences of its failure to carry out its promise? Yet the accumulation of precisely such seemingly petty incidents, and not any single dramatic great wrong, will secure Japan's economic and political domination of Shantung. It is for this reason that foreigners resident in Shantung, no matter in what part, say that they see no sign whatever that Japan is going to get out; that, on the contrary, everything points to a determination to consolidate her position. How long ago was the Portsmouth treaty signed, and what were its nominal pledges about evacuation of Manchurian territory?

Not a month will pass without something happening which will give a pretext for delay, and for making the surrender of Shantung conditional upon this, that and the other thing. Meantime the penetration of Shantung by means of railway discrimination, railway military guards, continual nibblings here and there, will be going on. It would make the chapter too long to speak of the part played by manipulation of finance in achieving this process of attrition of sovereignty. Two incidents must suffice. During the war, Japanese traders with the connivance of their government gathered up immense amounts of copper cash from Shantung and shipped it to Japan against the protests of the Chinese government. What does sovereignty amount to when a country cannot control even its own currency system? In Manchuria the Japanese have forced the introduction of several hundred million dollars of paper currency, nominally, of course, based on a gold reserve. These notes are redeemable, however, only in Japan proper. And there is a law in Japan forbidding the exportation of gold. And there you are.

Japan itself has recently afforded an object lesson in the actual connection of economic and political rights in China. It is so beautifully complete a demonstration that it was surely unconscious. Within the last two weeks, Mr. Obata, the Japanese minister in Peking, has waited upon the government with a memorandum saying that the Foochow incident was the culminating result of the boycott; that if the boycott continues, a series of such incidents is to be apprehended, saying that the situation has become "intolerable" for Japan, and disavowing all responsibility for further consequences unless the government makes a serious effort to stop the boycott. Japan then immediately makes certain specific demands. China must stop the circulation of handbills, the holding of meetings to urge the boycott, the destruction of Japanese goods that have become Chinese property—none have been destroyed that are Japanese owned. Volumes could not say more as to the real conception of Japan of the connection between the economic and the political relations of the two countries. Surely the pale ghost of "Sovereignty" smiled ironically as he read this official note. President Wilson after having made in the case of Shantung a sharp and complete separation of economic and political rights, also said that a nation boycotted is within sight of surrender. Disassociation of words from acts has gone so far in his case that he will hardly be able to see the meaning of Mr. Obata's communication. The American sense of humor and fair-play may however be counted upon to get its point.

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking, January 5, 1920.

Genuine Mahogany

PEOPLE advised me to go to auctions. If you must buy furniture, they said, you cannot possibly afford to buy it new. The thing to do is to go to auctions. Wonderful bargains, beautiful old things practically given away. Grand deep arm-chairs, lovely little rugs, splendid old mahogany beds for fourteen dollars, etc., etc. Yes, even on Fifth avenue. New York is, after all, the cheapest place in the world. So they said.

I went to an auction-room. They gave me, for nothing, a catalog, and I made the tour of all the antiquities that had come from a Mansion on Long Island. I marked at least ten things I craved—chairs, tables, bureaus, rugs and the rest. And then, just before Christmas, I went to the auction. It was at a very awkward hour at the office. I could hardly confess I had to go to an auction, could I? It was dishonest to sneak away at 2.30, yet at 2.30 they always hold auctions so, guiltily, I stole away. I was not alone. The auction-room was packed to the doors like an Oliver Lodge lecture, and in a pulpit near the exhibition-platform there was one of the most magnetic personalities I have ever observed. When I entered he was selling a rug. It was a tiny shiny thing, worth perhaps twenty dollars. Already the anxious purchasers had persuaded one another that it was worth thirty, thirty-five, thirty-seven fifty, forty dollars, forty dollars, who bids — forty-five dollars. I have a bid for forty-five dollars, it is worth seventy-five, gentlemen, am I bid forty-seven fifty, have I a bid, yes, forty-seven fifty, forty-seven fifty Armenian gentlemen, Syrian gentlemen, Oriental gentlemen in my immediate neighborhood smiled a tired and infinitely patient smile, like tolerant sharks. I saw them blink black eyes at one another and I said, Nothing doing, this is no place for a dolicocephalic blond.

I tried another auction, this time for Japanese prints. It was a refined entertainment, held in a kind of private chapel heavily carpeted and curtained and lighted with theatrical nicety. The auctioneer had a perfect manner, cheery and easy and sensible with not the least vulgar mercenary note. I was so delighted with the process that I ventured a bid here and there. One did not need to raise a trembling voice. One simply nodded to the speaker after one had caught the speaker's eye. The intelligent bidder knew, of course, each print that he wished to purchase. He had inspected it some days before. I was an unintelligent bidder. I went by the print before my eyes, glowing harmoniously against a dark background under a strong line of lights from overhead. And after a

while I went still more simply by the process of bidding—a fascinating process, a little like inhaling an intoxicant, producing a most happy hallucination that one could procure anything one beheld merely by nodding a bid.

A few days after I had paid for the prints which these Homeric nods brought me, I took them to a Japanese craftsman to have them framed. He examined them with polite interest—from the under side. “Is it ‘genuine’?” I asked him of one rather crass specimen that had cost me eleven dollars. “Yes,” he said, “genuinely new.”

Leaving auctions to a less suggestible or more experienced type of human being, I began to hunt the ordinary stores. Those stores, it soon became clear to me, had nothing to sell to the intellectual proletarian. In most cases there were “suits” of furniture that could not be imagined in a human setting, or else individual pieces of a startling price. “That little chair, sir? Yes, eighty-seven dollars. Here is a simple piece in tapestry, seventy-five. Anything cheaper? How would this armchair suit you? Fifty-five.” Where is the public to pay these prices? They cannot be the salariat public. They must be the people who in turn boost hardware and candles and towels and oranges, and then bemoan the exorbitance of labor.

The small “interior decorator” offers no improvement, except in languid grace. Here, even more than in the furniture stores, one pretends that the factor of price is negligible. One young woman I discovered who soared high above all sordid materialism. She must have taken up the business in the same spirit that a vacant-minded gentlewoman takes up Italian. She warbled aesthetic words at me, but knew not their meaning in cash. “These candlesticks are Georgian, and these are Colonial,”—pronounced Col-oun-ial—“you see the lovely lines! The price? Let me see, I think I can let you have the Georgian for twenty dollars. I’m willing to sacrifice them.” And she has cretonne for curtains, nine dollars a yard, and she has a cameo (cracked) for twenty-five dollars. The spirit of sacrifice cannot be restrained! I leave this young lady, puzzled at her parasitic elegance. And I swear never to say again that anything has lovely lines.

At last my nose detects a real bargain. I see a rug in a basement window, with a For Sale sign on the house. I dart down to the small Antique shop, only to find that a sallow Armenian has preceded me and is examining the rug. Now, when most of us go to buy a rug we do it at arm’s length, so to speak, afraid to betray our inquisitiveness. The Armenian knows no such timidity. He takes the rug and stares into its face with appalling intimacy.

He plants it on the floor, kneels on it, and literally pours over it. For half an hour I watch this Armenian. He scratches every irregular nodule on the rug with his black jagged nail. He insults the color, deprecates the nap, despairs of the size, bewails the levity of its profiteer-owner. He offers a price for it that includes six cups and saucers and a compote dish. He reduces his offer by taking off the compote dish—practically makes a present of the compote dish to its owner. “I’d take it home and burn it before I’d let you have it for sixty-five dollars. D’ye get me?” “Look at the price by the foot!” “I’m not selling it by the foot, am I? Am I selling it by the foot? Would you sell a picture by the foot, would you? This ain’t a Brussels carpet. But I ain’t trying to sell it to you anyway.” “Euh! it has another hole. See, all white!” “Sure it has a hole in it. You can find a hole in any rug. I can sell it to a dealer upstairs for eighty-five dollars. It’s worth a hundred and a quarter.” The Armenian pulls himself from the floor and goes to the door with weary disgust. “I haf no time. Seventy dollars vit the cups and saucers. I can’t use the cups and saucers. . . .” I depart leaving the Armenian swathed in private computation, tapping a thumb on his soiled old wallet.

At last, after many days, I meet a bit of advice—go to Brooklyn, go to Long Island City; “Once, for three dollars, I got a perfect beaut of an armchair at a horrible old junk-shop in Long Island City.” Brooklyn, first. The journey is agreeably intricate and devious, as if no one before had ever taken it, but the dealers’ shops are suspiciously like Lexington avenue. The first dealer is a burly, glowering Italian, diffusing influenza with every breath. “Everything I have is genuine mahogany! Everything! I sell to dealers! Drop-leaf table? This is good—solid mahogany, hundred dollars, cost you hundred fifty in New York. This smaller table, sixty-five. This desk eighty dollars. This mirror thirty-five. Listen, I advise you to buy this desk in the window. Three customers here yesterday took the measurement. One already this morning. I say, no more take the measurement. The dealer will have it in the window on Madison avenue nesta week—one hundred twenty dollars. I advise you.” I go out backwards, regretfully. A nice desk, all right.

But not everywhere these bandits and hold-up men and thugs and cannibals. At last, in a very remote place, unsuspected by the general, I find a dealer after my own heart. I inquire about his children. I say a kind word about certain unfortunate participants in the late war. I sigh a little over the sad outlook for all mankind. After this pardonable effort at anaesthesia I enquire the

price of this and that. And this good man, whose wife I am later privileged to meet, whose sweet children I pat upon the flaxen head—this good man, I say, understands my needs and desires and comes forward more than half way. Later, with a somewhat different technique, I get together with a man from Poland. He does not pretend to know the value of things. Neither do I. But out of the welter of his huge stock—floor upon floor of good, bad and indifferent—I extract odds and ends that he prices reasonably—only he incants over each piece, “Ach, that is a fine piece—straight from a millionaire’s home.”

Does everyone who leaves the beaten track develop a horrible disposition, a desire for getting bargains that is full of vanity and will-to-power? I do not know, but in my own case I feel it is simply

commendable economy. My one sense of superiority is a superiority over the department-store customer. Mr. Wanamaker and his kind seem to me Super-Armenians. Their manners are different but they have nothing to learn from the traders of the East. I marvel at their customers, I marvel more at their own art of price-elevation. Truly the motto of successful commerce is the motto of all illusion-workers—l’audace, l’audace, l’audace. Are successful merchants profiteers? Of course not. Read the memoirs of departed Sunday-school millionaires. There is no such thing as success in commerce with profiteering. Still, I find many things cheaper than adding to the millions of our successful merchants. I go hunting in the forest of genuine mahogany. I chase the nimble bargain as a moral equivalent of war.

F. H.

The Railway Policy of Walker D. Hines

THE country is fortunate in having as Director General of Railroads not merely a competent and faithful executive, but an educator of public opinion who has positive views and is able to express them clearly and persuasively. Although no ray of enlightenment is yet discernible in the muddled railroad legislation in Washington, which is but a reflection of the muddled state of public opinion, nevertheless the addresses which Walker D. Hines has been making to influential gatherings throughout the country must in the long run contribute greatly toward a more intelligent understanding of the railroad problem.

Mr. Hines insists first upon an honest and intelligent appreciation of the record of the government during the past two years of federal operation. It is not only a matter of fair play toward himself and his predecessor. No man can form a sound railroad policy who looks at the problem through the distorting mists of a propaganda which has sought to convert every shortcoming due to war conditions into an evidence of governmental incompetence. Mr. Hines has reiterated, until it is beginning to sink into the public consciousness, that railroad wages have not been recklessly increased by the government for political ends. The wage increases of the Railroad Administration have been uniformly less than wage increases in privately controlled industries. The United States Steel Corporation, for instance, according to Mr. Hines, is paying a rate per hour 119 per cent greater than its rate in 1913, while the average rate of railway pay

per hour is 106 per cent greater than the 1913 rate, despite the adoption of the eight hour principle. Mr. Hines has conclusively refuted the charge that the payroll had been loaded up with unnecessary employees by pointing out that while the numbers of employees has increased nearly ten per cent, this increase was more than accounted for by the eight hour day, there being indeed a slight decrease in the number of hours of work paid for. He has admitted frankly that freight service today is not adequate, but has pointed out that he planned and urged a program of equipment purchases which would have saved the situation, but that Congress blocked his efforts. He has dwelt upon the fact that railroad rates have increased, since 1914, only about 33 per cent, whereas the products of privately owned industries have increased from 60 per cent to 150 per cent or more. To the investor he has suggested a comparison of railroad securities during federal control with securities of public utilities which the government did not take over.

The average citizen should take these figures to heart, not only in justice to Mr. Hines, but to save himself from a grievous disappointment when the railroads are returned to their owners. For the effect of the current legend about the inefficiency of governmental control will be to raise quite unrealizable expectations of saving under private operation. If the railroad deficit is due to the incompetency of government operation, the argument is irresistible that private operation should be able to make both ends meet without an increase

in rates. And if car shortage is a proof of governmental inefficiency, the traffic situation should rapidly improve after March 1st. Mr. Hines is educating the public to take a more gloomy but a more realistic view of the immediate future. He has pointed out that if unified governmental control were to continue, only a slight increase in rates would be necessary to meet expenses, whereas to support the credit of a hundred separate corporations of unequal and often precarious financial strength, a much greater increase may be required. He has pointed out that bad as the car situation is now, it is likely to become worse when federal control ends, for cars cannot be utilized as efficiently by many railroads as by a single national administration. "My own judgment is," he told the Railway Guild at Chicago last November, "we are going to see a competitive condition more pronounced than we have seen for some years prior to federal control." A railroad to which traffic has been diverted for reasons of national efficiency during federal control will fight to the last ditch to keep the traffic under private operation, and the railroad from which it was diverted will fight to the last ditch to get it back. "My judgment is that there is going to develop an intense competitive spirit, and how that spirit, which is perfectly natural under the circumstances, is going to be reconciled with a really effective joint control of equipment, . . . I cannot see far enough into the stars to tell you. But it seems to me there will be very great difficulty to reconcile those things."

In this way Mr. Hines's speeches have been making for a clearer and truer perception of the immediate future. His most important contribution, however, has been toward a railway policy which will place the relation between railroads and government on a permanently wholesome basis. Differing from most of the railroad statesmen in Washington, Mr. Hines has gone to the roots in analyzing the problem. The failure of the traditional American railroad policy has arisen out of the conflict of purpose which it inevitably engendered between railroad managements, labor organizations, and regulating commissions, as well as between competing railroad corporations. Where there are a hundred heterogeneous railroad corporations, some rich, some poor, some efficient, some inefficient, some inclined to cooperate, others inclined to obstruct, no constructive national policy was possible. It was impossible to fix with certainty a rate structure which would keep all the corporations financially sound, for the same level of rates might bring unconscionable profits to one railroad, and an utterly inadequate return to an-

other. Operating efficiency was severely hampered. "In times of car shortage," he told the New York Bar Association recently, "it was impossible for a company to get its own cars back on its line, and hence it was unwilling to give up the cars of other companies when it obtained them, and at times a condition of practical anarchy existed in dealing with freight cars owned by other companies."

Moreover a system which required the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads to deal at arms' length, forced the railroad company, as Mr. Hines put it, "to engage in the paradoxical practice of running down its credit in order to sustain it." "A railroad company could not secure consideration for what it regarded as a necessary rate increase without painting an alarming picture of the critical situation which confronted it unless it got a rate increase."

The system created a forced antagonism not only between the railroads and the regulating commission, but between railroad managements and labor organizations. The labor unions had no opportunity to participate in railroad management, and no responsibility for the results, and hence exhausted their efforts in disputes and controversies.

Mr. Hines's remedy for this intolerable situation is three-fold. First, there must be compulsory consolidation of the railroads into a few great systems. "I am convinced," he says, "that this is an absolutely necessary step if government ownership is to be avoided." Merely allowing the railroads to consolidate if they wish to, will not solve the problem. "My observation of the unsatisfactory results of the old scheme of public regulation and private management are that this situation will not wait for a gradual process of voluntary consolidation. I believe that either this matter must be dealt with in a comprehensive and effective compulsory way or that any scheme of legislation adopted will prove itself a disappointment and a failure long before voluntary consolidation can be worked out." These are words of wisdom which the House and Senate conferees might well take to heart.

Mr. Hines's second point is that a definite standard must be laid down by which the reasonableness of a rate can be measured, and that earnings of prosperous roads in excess of this standard must be appropriated in part by the government. Only thus can the problem of the weak and the strong roads be met. He tells of one road which under present rates is earning 140 per cent of the standard return, and which under a general rate increase of twenty per cent would earn twice the standard

return. Finally Mr. Hines advocates a tri-partite control of railroad operation, by securing to the government and to the labor unions representation on the railroad boards of directors. "Unless this can be done," he believes, "it is only a question of time when the remaining vestiges of private management will come to be recognized as altogether impracticable."

Mr. Hines is a trained railroad lawyer and executive, and until two years ago his professional associations had been exclusively with the railroad interests. His clear vision and public spirit have carried him far indeed from the views and policies of his former associates. With the exception of Victor Morawetz, no prominent railroad lawyer has dared advocate so fundamental a departure from traditional railroad policy. To an outsider it may seem that the logic of Mr. Hines's views must in time carry him even further. As long as a majority of the directors of a railroad are elected by the stockholders, and as long as that majority can elect all the managing officials of the roads, will not the antagonism between capital, labor and government persist? Will not the minority representatives be constantly outvoted wherever there is a conflict of interest? Mr. Hines has not specified how large a representation he would allow to labor and government. If he contemplates giving them a majority will he not be forced to admit that the capital for the enterprise must be raised on government credit? For surely private investors will not put their money into corporations which adverse interests control. And if the private directors are to have neither financial responsibility nor a controlling share of the management, will they perform any useful function at all? Since Mr. Hines's plan contemplates virtually a governmental expropriation of the railroads for purposes of consolidation, will it not be better to vest the title directly in the government, to convert all the stockholders into government bondholders, and to let representatives of the skilled railroad officials take the place of representatives of the stockholders on the board of directors?

The answer to these questions lies in the future. The great immediate service which Mr. Hines has performed, has been to shift the focus of public discussion away from irrelevant side issues and center it upon an analysis of fundamentals. When he relinquishes control of the railroads of the United States on March 1st, he can do so with the knowledge that he has made a lasting contribution toward the education of American public opinion.

GERARD C. HENDERSON.

Wilcoxism

TO return from Paris, full of enthusiasm for contemporary art, and find oneself forced, immediately, into an attitude of querulous hostility, is surely a melancholy thing. It is my fate; but it is not my fault. Had I found our native quidnuncs in a slightly less exalted humor, had they gushed a little less over their imperial painters at Burlington House, had they made the least effort to preserve a sense of proportion, I, for my part, had held my peace. But, deafened by the chorus of hearty self-applause with which British art has just been regaling itself, a critic who hopes that his country is not once again going to make itself the laughing-stock of Europe is bound at all risks to say something disagreeable.

In that delightful book, *The World and I*, for bringing me acquainted with which I shall ever be grateful to *The Athenaeum*, nothing is more delightful than the chapter in which Mrs. Wilcox takes us through the list of the great writers she has known. We are almost as much pleased by the authoress's confident expectation that we shall be thrilled to learn any new fact about Miss Aldrich who wrote "one of the most exquisite lyrics in the language," about Rhoda Hero Dunn, "a genius" with "an almost Shakespearean quality in her verse," or about Elsa Barker, whose poem *The Frozen Grail*, "dedicated to Peary and his band, is an epic of august beauty," and whose sonnet *When I am dead* "ranks with the great sonnets of the world," as she would be surprised to discover that we had never heard of any of them. Mrs. Wilcox believed, in perfect good faith, that the crowd of magazine-makers with whom she associated were, in fact, the great figures of the age. She had no reason for supposing that we should not be as much interested in first-hand personal gossip about Zona Gale, Arthur Grissom (first editor of the *Smart Set*), Judge Malone, Theodosia Garrison and Julie Opp Faversham ("even to talk with whom over the telephone gives me a sense of larger horizons") as we should have been in similar gossip about Swinburne and Hardy, Henry James and Mallarmé, Laforgue, Anatole France, Tolstoi, Tchekov or Dostoevsky.

And, as Mrs. Wilcox had no reason for supposing that her friends were not the greatest writers alive, what reason had she for supposing that they were not the greatest that ever lived? Without the taste, the intelligence, or the knowledge which alone can give some notion of what's what in art, she was obliged to rely on more accessible criteria. The circulation of her own works, for instance,

must have compared favorably with that of most poets. To be sure there was Shakespeare, and the celebrated Hugo—or was it Gambetta? But what grounds could there be for thinking that she was not superior to the obscure John Donne or the obscurer Andrew Marvel, or to Arthur Rimbaud of whom no one she knew had ever heard? Mrs. Wilcox was not dishonest in assuming that the most successful writer in her set was the best in the world; she was not conceited even; she was merely ridiculous.

It is disquieting to find the same sort of thing going on in England, where our painters are fiercely disputing with each other the crown of European painting, and our critics appraising the respective claims of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. John Nash as solemnly as if they were comparing Cézanne with Renoir. It is more than disquieting, it is alarming, to detect symptoms of the disease—this distressing disease of Wilcoxism—in *The Athenaeum*. Yet I am positive that not long since I read in that august weekly that Mr. Wyndham Lewis was more than a match for Matisse and Derain; and, having said so much, the critic not unnaturally went on to believe that he was a match for Leonardo da Vinci. Since then I have trembled every Friday lest the infection should have spread to the literary parts. Will it be asserted, one of these mornings, that the appetizing novels of Mr. Gilbert Cannan are distinctly better than Hardy's Wessex tales, and comparable rather with the works of Jane Austen?

To save ourselves from absurdity, and still more to save our painters from inspissating that trickle of fatuity which exudes from heads swollen with hot air, critics should set themselves to check this nasty malady. Let them make it clear that to talk of modern English painting as though it were the rival of modern French is silly. In old racing days—how matters stand now I know not—it used to be held that French form was about seven pounds below English; the winner of the Derby, that is to say, could generally give the best French colt about that weight and beat him. In painting, English form is normally a stone below French. At any given moment the best painter in England is unlikely to be better than a first-rate man in the French second class. Whistler was never a match for Renoir, Degas, Seurat and Manet; but Whistler, Steer and Sickert may profitably be compared with Pissarro, Sisley and Jongkind. And though Duncan Grant holds his own, and something more perhaps, with Marchand, Vlaminck, L'hôte, de Segonzac, Braque and Modigliani, I am not yet prepared to class him with Matisse, Picasso, Derain and Bonnard.

Having bravely recognized this disagreeable

truth, let us take as much interest in contemporary British painting as we can. I will try to believe that it merits more enthusiasm than I have been able to show, provided it is not made a point of patriotism to excite oneself about the Imperial War Museum's pictures exhibited at Burlington House. As a matter of fact, the most depressing thing about that show was the absence of the very quality for which British art has been most justly admired—I mean sensibility. Mr. Wilson Steer's picture seemed to me the best in the place, just because Mr. Steer has eyes with which, not only to see, but to feel. To see is something; Mr. Steer also feels for what he sees; and this emotion is the point of departure for his pictures. That he seems almost completely to have lost such power as he ever had of giving to his vision a coherent and self-supporting form is unfortunate: still, he does convey to us some modicum of the thrill provoked in him by his vision of Dover Harbor.

Those thoughtful young men, on the other hand, whose works have been causing such a commotion, might almost as well have been blind. They seem to have seen nothing; at any rate, they have not reacted to what they saw in that particular way in which visual artists react. They are not expressing their sense of a vision that has moved them as artists, but, at most, of a scene that has horrified them as men. Their pictures depart, not from a visual sensation, but from a moral conviction. So, naturally enough, what they produce is mere arty anecdote. This, perhaps, is the secret of their success—their success I mean with the cultivated public. Those terrible young fellows who were feared to be artists turn out after all to be innocent pre-Raphaelites. They leave Burlington House without a stain upon their characters.

This is plain speaking: how else should a critic, who believes that he has diagnosed the disease, convince a modern patient of his parlous state? To just hint a fault and hesitate dislike, (not Pope but I split that infinitive) is regarded nowadays as the sign of a base, compromising spirit; or not regarded at all. Artists, especially in England, cannot away with qualified praise or blame; and if they insist on all or nothing, I can but offer them the latter. Nevertheless, I must assert, for my own satisfaction, that in many even of our most imperial artists, in the brothers Spenser and the brothers Nash, in Mr. Lewis, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Bomberg and Mr. Lamb, I discover plenty of ability: only I cannot help fancying that they may have mistaken the nature of their gifts. Were they really born to be painters? I wonder. But of this I am sure, their friends merely make them look silly by comparing them with contemporary French masters or even with Leonardo da Vinci.

Wilcoxism is a terrible disease because it slowly but surely eats away our sense of imperfection, our desire for improvement, and our power of self-criticism. Modesty and knowledge are the best antidotes; and a treatment much recommended by the faculty is to take more interest in art and less in one's own prestige. Above all let us cultivate a sense of proportion. Let us admire, for instance, the admirable, though somewhat negative, qualities in the work of Mr. Lewis—the absence of vulgarity and false sentiment, the sobriety of color, the painstaking search for design—without forgetting that in the *salon d'automne* or the *salon des independants* a picture by him would neither merit nor obtain more than a passing word of perfunctory encouragement from the most generous critic. For, in Paris, in addition to the artists of recognized value, there are, I suppose, more than fifty Scandinavians, as many Slavs, and perhaps a hundred Polish Jews, all playing the game that Mr. Lewis tries to play, and playing it better.

CLIVE BELL.

Old Lace

MY grandmother is illiterate. Therefore she is cut off from the diversion which reading might afford one imprisoned by the infirmities of age. I doubt, however, even if she could read whether she would do so. She is still too greatly occupied with the spectacle of life to turn her attention from it to a pale reflection of it.

She bears no resentment against the Talmudic discrimination, interpreted literally in her case, enjoining women from learning. Why should she? It has cut her off from no important revelations. Her life, even in that rigidly orthodox scheme of a village in Northern Russia, was sufficient in its experiences of human beings to grant her the wisdom she needed. The sophistication which that remote world yielded her was such that neither the new world nor the kaleidoscope of modern values could bewilder her. She needed no wide reading to persuade her of the unchanging qualities of human nature.

As for any spiritual comfort that might come to her from an ability to read the Bible, I believe her to be quite indifferent to that. In spite of all her gestures of piety she is really entirely a skeptic. She asks for no mitigations of life. The articles of her faith being clearly memorized and made into a manual of observances, she dismisses them from further consideration.

It is a wearisome task to keep a spirit which has not lost its zest for the routine of life from flagging against the limitations of age. Nevertheless she

carries on the losing battle with no admissions of defeat. Her days are an elaborate ritual of tasks cunningly inflated to cheat time. Meaningless tasks, most of them, but they serve to keep her fingers on the tangible things of life. In the energy which she bends to a set of futile tasks—the endless sorting of the fantastic treasures contained in an antique snuff-colored plush bag, the weaving of ineffectual lace for a non-existent purpose, the performance of the least significant of housekeeping tasks—there is the gesture of defiance in the face of threatening extinction. And in the culminating event of her week, when, sitting bolt upright in bed she polishes her brass candlesticks, there is the effect of ritualistic preparation for an observance of victory. Holding the sabbath lighted tapers, they signalize her triumph over another week.

Against a billowing background of huge pillows, she presents a cameo-sharp outline—for all her incessant movement a figure of intense stillness. The stillness is in her glance which takes us in with a sort of ironic mirth. These huge European pillows which hold her as in a frame are symbolical of something firm in her that has triumphed over something facile in us. She has not yielded with us too wholly to the ways of America. She has held on to her own ways against that wave of hygienic reform with which, in our first flushed and eager absorption into the American public school, we swept out of our immigrant home not only the germs but all the color and individuality, as well.

Her silence makes sharper that irony with which she views my childless married sister, whose sociological passion has left all her individual relationships in a state of suspended animation, so to speak; my school-teacher sister, who is already beginning to show the attenuations of an unwilling spinsterhood; and me, who am so uncertainly feeling my way through the toyshop of modern theories that I am likely to be choosing among them all my life long. She regards most sardonically my mother, whose tragedy she is well equipped to understand. The facile acceptance of modern ways for her children's sake has uprooted my mother from her moorings of tradition, from her group of fundamental acceptances, and set her afloat on an uncharted sea. She wanders amid alien landmarks, with no intellectual hook for taking hold on the slippery values of the new world. In the look my grandmother bends on her there is no yearning pity. It holds a gibe for the uneasy sophistication in whose murk we wander so restlessly.

But in the motions of weaving her attitude of appraisal seems somewhat softened and her silence is often broken. Something in the rhythmic, intricate

geometric diagramming of the shuttle seems to release her mind and it slips back easily to that medieval past of hers out of which she can draw such startlingly primitive patterns of form and color.

I sat beside her bedside glancing through a book which traced by a new theory the growth of household arts. Myself, I am ignorant of the simplest of them. But this book had stirred me to a romantic view of them as measures wherewith to plumb civilization. For the first time I was drawn to an examination of the pattern of the lace my grandmother was weaving.

"Why," I said ruminating over it and comparing it with a plate in the book, "this is not a Russian lace. It is a sort of French importation on a Russian design —"

My grandmother looked up and said with great pride. "You will not find many people who know the pattern of this. Nowhere else in Russia do they weave lace in this fashion or in this design. Whenever I see a woman who knows this, I ask her where she comes from and sure enough she comes from our town or one close by. It must be so, because the secret of it was first my mother's."

"But where did she learn it?" I asked.

"From strangers—strangers who came and went one winter without leaving any trace behind them but this. It was nearly twenty years before I was born—a bitter winter; a year of black frost that settled down after harvest time like a prison sentence. From the Feast of Tabernacle to Easter-time our village lay nearly buried in snow. This day in early winter, my father had gone by sledge to a town eight versts away—a day's journey—to buy some hides for the tanning which was his business. At dusk, my mother heard a tapping on the window-pane and she looked out. There stood two men—foreigners. She had never seen foreigners in all her life. These were dressed not in the sheepskins and boots and blouses of our part of the country, but in strangely colored fantastic garments that hung in fluttering rags about them. She was terribly frightened and would have barred the door to them, but she saw that they were emaciated and blue with cold. Well, whatever they were they were human beings, and you could not leave a dog to freeze on a night like this. She went to the door and opened it and asked them what they wanted. They answered in a strange gibberish, they pointed to their mouths with gestures showing that they were hungry, and they crouched in the shadow of the doorway where the lamplight might not fall on them. My mother summoned them in and gave them bowls of borsht and pieces of black bread, which they ate like starving men, making strange

sounds between themselves. Just then my father came, and he called another neighbor into council to make what they could of the strangers' speech. They signified pitifully that they wished to be hidden. Over and over again they pointed to the south. My father and his neighbor talked it over, and decided that each would shelter one of the strangers through the winter. No official would come near the house and they would be safe from any need to show passports until the spring.

"Our guest was a kind and gentle fellow. My mother told me that they never learned each other's speech, barring a few very common words, but they got on very well together in a sort of sign language. When he had been fed and warmed and clothed he was a fine young fellow—swarthy and dark and quick in his actions—and always singing. He was a great entertainer for the children—he had a merry way with them—and he was very respectful to my mother. He carried and fetched for her, split wood and carried water—and during the long winter evenings he whittled himself a little shuttle like this one, and taking thread from my mother he showed her how to make this lace. He did it with an incredible swiftness. My mother was quick to learn. She was famous in the village for her handicraft skill, and the mastery of this new accomplishment was a great feather in her cap.

"In the spring when the frost broke up my father gave him peasant clothes and turned him and his comrade over to a peasant who was traveling southward and westward. They made many gestures of farewell, and pointed southward as if there lay their home. They went away and were never seen again. But my mother did not forget the lace-making, and soon the women of our village were famous for it."

I examined the pattern of it again, with a disquieting sense that here was a clue to something. It was very like a familiar design of French lace. A sort of bastard Duchesse—unquestionably French—

With a mounting excitement I began to add figures in my mind, and then in a sort of frenzy—

"You are eighty years old," I cried, "and this happened twenty years before you were born—"

"Yes," answered my grandmother placidly, "I was the youngest of twelve. It was about a hundred years ago—"

"Well, don't you see—" I cried, hardly able to constrain myself, overwhelmed by a sudden sense of continuity. "Don't you see that these were men from Napoleon's army—drifting pieces from the army shattered at Moscow—These men were French—"

My grandmother looked at me uncomprehendingly. "These men were from the south and they returned. The never told us how or from where they came to us."

"But you have heard of Napoleon—and how he set all Europe on fire—and the defeat at Moscow—"

My grandmother shook her head. She had never heard of Napoleon!

The incredible romance of it. That here in this pocket of a New York flat there should roll up the backwash from that tidal wave. Incredible too that two refugees in a remote village unconscious of the philosophies of history should have gone on performing the business of conquest with more success and dispatch than the great generals in Moscow had achieved.

The amazing adventure of it that this bit of lace should have kept its secret for me with my American

public school education to unravel—that in it lay my authentic personal contact with a huge movement in history. I touched it as though it were alive, as though under it the huge forces of history stirred in their sleep. How could I make my grandmother see the immense enterprise it embodied? But of what advantage that she should see it? Its historical significance would not seem even faintly important to her.

"It was the ambition of Napoleon to rule the world," I began telling the story simply, "and he brought about the greatest war the world has known to make Europe French—"

"There was no war in our village," said my grandmother. "I do not know if these men were French. They were foreigners. But," she added with pride, "it is only in our part of Russia that they can make lace like this."

REBECCA DRUCKER.

A Building Guild for Great Britain

IN the middle of January the building trade operatives in the Manchester area, on the initiative of the bricklayers, suddenly launched a scheme for solving the British housing problem by means of a building guild. The workers began by forming, on the basis of the various trade unions in the district, a building guild committee, on which each trade union received equal representation. The guild committee then immediately went to the City Council and virtually offered to take over the housing scheme, beginning with a promise to build two thousand houses at once at a price considerably below the prices quoted by private builders. The idea was at once enthusiastically taken up by the building workers in other centers with the result that other guild committees are being formed. It now seems almost certain that before long either a national building guild, or a series of regional guilds federated nationally, will have been launched by the trade unions connected with the industry. It is equally clear that, although the local authorities and the Ministry of Health, still dominated by traditional business ideas, have considerable hesitation in accepting so novel an offer, the very urgency of the housing problem and the clamant public demand for "somewhere to live," are likely to make its acceptance inevitable wherever it is reasonably put forward.

The national guilds idea has thus passed, with dramatic suddenness, from the stage of propaganda, at which even the miners' proposals still remain, to the stage of actuality, and there is every

prospect that, within the next few weeks, the first productive guild in the United Kingdom will have been launched. The most startling thing about the situation is the absolute and elemental simplicity of the proposal. More and more, as the housing muddle has grown worse and its solution by the existing methods become more obviously impossible, the principal difficulties have been seen to be two—finance and labor. The financial problem is, and must remain, one which mainly affects the government and the local authorities. It concerns, first, the terms on which financial assistance is to be made available to local authorities by the Treasury and the Ministry of Health, and, secondly, the level of rents to be charged, the Ministry at present insisting on a rent higher than those which are chargeable for existing houses under the Rent Restriction acts. Both these financial difficulties, while they would not be solved, would be made immensely easier by a reduction in the costs of house-building, such as the guild seems likely to be able to ensure.

It is, however, upon the second difficulty—that of labor,—that the guild proposal is essentially based. The building trade unions possess a practical monopoly of building labor, and it is upon this monopoly that they propose to found their guild. There has been, for some months past, an acute scare about the shortage of building labor, accompanied by proposals, not in the least likely to become effective, for its dilution by the introduction of additional unskilled workers from outside. The

building operatives, on the other hand, contend that there is no absolute shortage of building labor in relation to vital needs, and that the problem is that of mobilizing the available labor for the work which is most necessary for the community. There are plenty of bricklayers and other building workers; but very few of them are engaged in building houses because, under present conditions, it pays the private builder better to undertake luxury and industrial work than to build houses, and because the building worker is, generally speaking, assured of a regular week's work and pay on such jobs, but not in house-building. The workers contend that, under guild conditions, which include guaranteed continuity of pay and employment, they can, by virtue of their labor-monopoly, mobilize without difficulty for the task of house-building all the labor that is required.

The guild proposal, then, is in its essence this. The workers go to the public housing authorities and say:—"We possess a monopoly of labor, or in other words, we are the only people who can build houses. It is your job to get houses built, and you have, or are in a position to get, the money required for building them. We suggest, then, that a marriage should be arranged between the "labor credit" of the workers and the "financial credit" of the municipality, and that the two should enter into a partnership to meet "the urgent need of the people." Then the workers go on to suggest the terms of this partnership. They inform the Council that they have formed a guild, and that behind this guild is every trade union and every building worker in the area. They propose that this guild should organize as a self-governing democratic body the building of houses, appointing its own architects, managers and technicians, and in all respects preserving its internal autonomy. They propose that the Council should enter into an agreement with the guild, that it should supply the capital required, and, of course, should become the owner of the houses erected.

Naturally, the first instinct of the Councillors, mostly with a business training behind them, is to ask for financial guarantees. "You have no money," they say. "You are not solid men of business like ourselves. How, then, can you come to us and suggest a contract when you are not able to give us any financial guarantees of completion?" The workers' reply is twofold. "In the first place," they say, "we may not have the money: but neither have you the labor; and, if we cannot produce houses without money, you certainly cannot produce them without labor. In the second place, kindly remember that we are not a financial syndicate out for profits and therefore

amenable to financial arguments. We are a new phenomenon in the world of industry, a black-leg proof body of workers using our labor-power as a basis for credit and for control over production. We offer you a chance, which no one can offer without us, of getting houses built. We do not ask you to advance a vast sum, but only to keep us going, as we produce, with raw materials and money to pay our workers and our overhead charges. If our experiment were to fail—which it will not—you could at any time rely on receiving value for the money advanced in the work done, which would pass into your possession. We therefore refuse to give financial guarantees: our security and credit lie in our exclusive control of the supply of labor."

In the present situation, this argument is literally and absolutely unanswerable. If the Councils were to refuse to accept the offer, the building workers would have only to stick to their point and in the last resort withhold their labor from housing schemes in order to have the whole mass of public opinion with them. For, even if public opinion is largely indifferent to the conflict of industrial theories, there is one thing to which it is not indifferent, and that is the supply of houses.

The time has come, then, for a definite and immediate translation into practice of the theories which guild socialists have been advocating for the past ten years. An unparalleled opportunity has presented itself, and the guildsmen in the building industry and the other guild leaders who have been acting with them in the preparation of their scheme, have taken full advantage of it. To Mr. S. G. Hobson, the well-known guild writer, and to the guildsmen who lead the Manchester building workers, the credit for this prompt action is due.

Clearly, the results of this new experiment, if it succeeds as it seems likely to succeed, may be expected to be immense. It will react not only on building workers throughout the country, but on the whole working class movement. Moreover, it will certainly have a powerful effect in promoting that alliance in the control of industry among the workers by hand and brain which is every day coming nearer in Great Britain. For the building guild scheme is explicitly based on a full recognition of the distinctive position and functions of the administrative and professional workers belonging to the industry. It is proposed that the local guild committee should consist of a representative appointed by each of the trade unions connected with the building industry, and that to these should be added representatives of the technical and administrative staffs necessary for the work. There is no doubt at all of the readiness of a sufficient num-

ber of architects and other professional and administrative workers to throw in their lot with the guild.

The object of the promoters of the scheme is to provide for full technical and administrative efficiency by leaving the technician and administrator as far as possible a free hand, and at the same time to make the guild a real working economic democracy by providing for the democratic choice of foremen by agreement between the guild committee and the men working on a particular job, and by leaving the detailed administration of the job in the hands of the group actually engaged in it. Great importance is attached to this democracy beginning at the bottom—in the job itself, as the necessary basis of democratic working in the guild itself.

Another problem with which the promoters of the scheme are concerned is that of preventing certain of the most disadvantageous conditions of capitalist production from being forced upon them by the environment in which they have to work. The guild does not want to make a profit, or to become a sort of democratic capitalist. At the same time, it is essential for it, in order to safeguard its position, to accumulate plant on a sufficient scale to enable it to extend its enterprises rapidly. This difficulty is being met by the vesting in trustees of all funds accumulated by the guild, with a view to their passing to the national guild when it is formed, and becoming in its hands a definite trust for the community, to be used not for the benefit of the building workers alone, but in the common interest of the whole people. That this presents difficulties at the present stage of development cannot be denied; but these difficulties arise purely from the hostile environment in which the guild has at present to exist, and not at all from any desire on the part of the workers to assume the position of collective capitalists.

I do not pretend that all the immediate obstacles in the way of the guild beginning work have yet been removed, or that the proposal has yet assumed an absolutely final stage. No contract has yet been definitely accepted by a local public authority or endorsed by the government department. But, in view of the facts that the building workers are ranging themselves solidly behind the scheme, and that they possess an almost complete monopoly of the labor which is required, and without which houses cannot be built, the result seems to be almost a foregone conclusion. Thanks to the propagandist efforts of the guild socialists and their National Guilds League, the guild idea, which a year ago was definitely accepted by the miners and formed by them into a definite proposal, has now moved

yet a stage further towards immediate practical application. I have no hesitation in describing this guild proposal arising in the heart of the trade unions and in an industry on which, because of the crying need for houses, public attention is highly concentrated, as by far the most significant development in the British labor movement for many years.

G. D. H. COLE.

Peary

FROM the beginning, the North has been to people of southern lands a region of fear. They have dreaded the realities of the polar lands and seas; but even more they have been appalled by the dangers and difficulties which their imaginations have built out of bricks of misknowledge upon a foundation of ignorance. Especially they feared the frost, the ice and snow.

The gales that in former ages brought nothing but dread and havoc to our savage ancestors paddling timidly from bay to haven along primeval coasts, had long since, without any abatement of their strength, but merely through the development of men's minds, been converted into welcome breezes that carried clipper ships safely and swiftly across the widest oceans. But it did not for a long time occur to anyone even as a hypothesis that the cold could be as friendly to the northern explorer as the gale had proved to those that sailed the ice-free seas. To finally demonstrate this was Peary's great work.

For centuries men had been going north in heroic mood. They went to brave the cold, to fight the ice and snow, to suffer in the cause of commerce, or adventure, or of science, and if need be, to die. There was much of heroism and of suffering. There was overmuch of tragedy. Some estimate that before Peary's day there had been seven hundred deaths among explorers proper, not counting whalers and other commercial adventurers. There are many ways of compiling such estimates and the number may be higher or less.

The battles of the explorers with winter darkness and with cold were, in the main, trench warfare. The combatants dug themselves in and waited for spring. Many died from scurvy and other disease; when short excursions were made from the winter fortifications frost bites, narrow escapes, even fatalities were not uncommon. As late as 1875 a great polar expedition (British—Sir George Nares) kept to winter quarters till April. Sir George is quoted as saying that any officer should be censured who requires of his men exposure to the hardships of

arctic travel earlier in the season than April. It was he, in 1876, who sent south the famous dispatch saying the Pole was unattainable. And unattainable it was, upon the premise that the cold was the explorer's great enemy. A pioneer was needed to turn winter into his good friend, as the sailors had done with the gale.

The man who did that was Peary. There were others who had contributed to the evolution of the method; but Peary was to the development of the use of cold in the service of the explorer what Watt was in the harnessing of steam, what the Wrights were in flying.

In 1886, ten years after Nares with his charge of cruelty against commanders who begin arctic travel before April and his assertion of the unattainability of the Pole, Peary made his first journey in Greenland. He saw Eskimo children playing happily on snowbanks in midwinter, and realized that their comfort and enjoyment of life were not the result of racial adaptability but were mere matters of clothing. Some years later his own blond and blue-eyed daughter, the "Snow Baby", dressed in the same sort of clothes, tumbled around as happily as any Eskimo among the same snowdrifts. But long before that her father had learned from the Eskimo how to live and travel comfortably in winter, and had formulated the principle that journeys over the ice of the Polar Sea should begin in midwinter, and the party should be on the homeward journey, goal attained, at the season when the old-school explorers would have been just starting out.

Without conformity to that principle, the Pole was, as Nares had seen, unattainable by sledge journey from the most northerly known land. But with that principle in mind, its attainment became a matter merely of reasonable approach to perfection in technique. To the man of constructive imagination, the dispatch telling of the first flight under power of the Wrights at Kittyhawk, told also of the first Channel flight, the first flight across the Atlantic, and the first non-stop flight around the world. To the man of constructive imagination Peary's principle, "Within the limits of arctic temperature ranges, at sea level, the colder the weather the better for sledge travel over the sea ice," contained the announcement of the attainment of the Pole, and of the attainment of those other points, more inaccessible than the Pole, which lie within a distance reachable by the Peary relay system—perhaps one or two hundred miles farther from the nearest land than is the Pole itself.

Peary's attainment of the Pole was the most sensational achievement possible in arctic exploration, for two reasons: Because it had been the goal of heralded and tragic adventure more than any other

imagination. Had Peary died after he developed the "Peary System" of arctic travel but before the Pole had been attained, then every competent judge would have conceded to him the larger part of the credit due for its attainment, even if the actual goal had been reached by another man following Peary's method. But the crowd would not have had the wisdom to judge so shrewdly. And the verdict of the crowd makes history. It was fortunate for Peary's fame, though it was no essential element of his true greatness, that he tried once oftener than he missed, and did not fall victim to any interposing accident.

Heroic adventures in many fields, and perhaps especially in exploration, consist in the retrieving of desperate fortunes after some incompetence has made them desperate. Peary had no more chance of being a hero in that sense than has the ruler of a prosperous land in time of peace and amity. He took as much tragic glamour out of polar exploration as he took good judgment and adaptability into it. And that was a good deal.

Men sturdy of body and stout of soul are not uncommon. To be unafraid of physical danger may be an admirable but it is not a rare virtue. Peary had a wonderful physique and a high courage; he has to his credit feats of strength and of bodily endurance. He has to his greater credit that his heart was steadfast under ill luck and temporary setback. But his greatest achievement was that he did more than anyone else to replace in northern exploration heroism and hardship by comfort and common sense. He has left it still possible for the arctic explorer to be proud of success, but he has made it difficult for any one of us to be a hero without blushing.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

Green Golden Door

Green golden door, swing in, swing in!

Fanning the life a man must live,

Echoes and airs and minstrelsies,

Love and hope that he called his,

Fear and hurt and a man's own sin

Casting them forth and sucking them in,

Green golden door, swing out, swing out!

Green golden door, swing in, swing in!

Show me the youth that will not die,

Tell me the dream that has not waked,

Seek me the heart that never ached,

Speak me the truth men will not doubt!

Green golden door, swing out, swing out!

Green golden door, swing in, swing out!

Long is the wailing of man's breath,

Short is the wail of death.

JEANNETTE MARKS.

A COMMUNICATION

Liberal Tactics Again

SIR: The sense of disappointment, of shame, and even, in some cases, of personal guilt, which American liberals who supported America's entrance into the war have felt as a result of the peace is not easily to be forgotten. How many young men, loathing war and profoundly skeptical of the good faith of the Allies, yet gave up their scruples when encouraged to hope for a peace of reconciliation and a League which would render sacrifices like theirs unnecessary in the future? That thousands of them should have been maimed or killed for an utterly different end is not the most frightful ghost that haunts us. Mere physical suffering has been plentiful enough so that we have almost come to regard it as the common lot of man. The real tragedy is that so much precious fervor should have been misspent. Perhaps if it had been differently directed, it would have been more effectual. Those of us who are yet whole might, as far as we are concerned, solace ourselves by charging off the miscalculation as a pardonable error of judgment or an inevitable yielding before circumstance; but the sense of the whole magnificent and irretrievable endeavor, tricked into futility, is enough to magnify a thousandfold any fault which we committed. This kind of waste cannot often occur if the better human values are to be perpetuated. Those of us who have any influence over social forces—and who has not?—must examine carefully our tactics and the temperament behind them if we are to avoid sliding into the same kind of disaster again.

There have been shrewd critics of the policy of the pro-war liberals. It has been said that the liberals, knowing the ugly motives, mixed with the fine ones of those in power, tried to gloss them over with peace aims constructed for their own consciences. It has been said that the liberals swam with the current in the fond hope of changing the direction of the current. It has been charged that they, the infinitely weaker party, believed they had made a compact with the stronger party to the latter's disadvantage, when all the time the stronger party was repudiating its part of the bond. Would the advocates of a liberal peace not have been more effective if, abandoning these pseudo-practical tactics, they had stood irreconcilably by their purposes, and refused to support America's entrance into the war on any terms save their own, clearly and finally conceded? Would not America have been able to accomplish the objects set forth by President Wilson if she could have been converted to this policy? Was not a powerful section of opinion ready to follow leadership of this sort? Even if we had failed in bringing the country with us, should we not have insisted on a revision of secret treaties and a public redefinition of war aims in accordance with the necessary basis of a fruitful league, before a man was landed in Europe?

Of course, the question has been well answered. Even the worst use of Allied victory was better than a German victory. America could not refuse to fight in any case. In one sense this defense is sound, but yet it does not

wholly satisfy. This point once admitted, the liberals were powerless to do more than exercise persuasion in their effort for a good peace. The United States were in no better position. We could not withhold our support if our conditions were not granted; we had no ultimate bargaining power. The bitter-enders were too ruthless for us. They were, apparently, willing to play for all or nothing. We were not. We shrank from such a deadly game. We assumed that the Allied governments would perhaps endure defeat rather than accept American assistance on our terms. Italy and Japan might have deserted the Alliance if the secret treaties had been forcibly abrogated. We did not speculate seriously on what these governments would have done if we had adopted a similar firmness. It looks very like the old story of the tender-minded going down to defeat before the tough-minded, of the unworldly letting the worldly use the power.

Not because of a pleasure in probing old wounds, but because of a suspicion that there lurks a treacherous softness in the liberal will, it is worth while to insist on this possibility. For now liberal opinion is on the brink of another decision, this time a decision momentous in domestic politics.

We have seen, more clearly than most, the dangerous state of American politics, the foul stagnation of the two old parties. We remember good promises and fine intentions ruined again and again because of a rigid political machinery. Both parties are at bottom incapable of reforming themselves because of the unregenerate interests which perpetuate and control them. We know that fundamental changes must before long be made in our economic structure. A new party is necessary, a party built upon the abiding interests of those powerful economic classes that most need the essential changes, and can in the end enforce them. A labor-farmer coalition, we have said months ago, must be formed. There is no solution of the railroad problem but something like the Plumb plan. There is no solution of the coal problem but nationalization of the mines. Such things the old parties will never wholeheartedly accept. Away with them!

But now again comes seduction to the tender-minded. The labor-farmer coalition is slow in forming; it could win in 1920 only by a miracle. It does not give promise of immediate success, and we are not patient. People tell us they are not ready for a "class-party"—meaning by that phrase something different from the party we intended. Is there not some easier way, some quicker way by which we can use machinery already established? Over this state of mind flashes the name of a candidate quick to arouse liberal sympathy. This man fed Belgium. He held our food supply in something like order during the war. He is impeccably honest—honest intellectually as Wilson never was. He is a trained administrator, an engineer—a hard-headed practical man. Could he not be foisted on one of the old parties? Would he not, if elected, see and bow to the inevitable trend of events? Could we not work through him toward our goal, conquering the old machines and the powerful interests behind them, trading with one

of them, offering it success in the election in exchange for a candidate who, though not in thorough agreement with our purposes, would probably move in the right direction? To this end influential liberals seem about to dedicate their really ingenious ideological constructiveness during the next few months.

Excellent reasons can be and will be offered for this subtle course. They will be just as good as the reasons formerly offered for casting our lot with the war-makers. There is an undeniable glamour about moving with the immediately practicable and effective, about attempting to control events from the top. It is easy to scoff at the well-intentioned who deliberately separate themselves from the sources of prompt action.

But there must be some who suspect a mistake in their war policy strongly enough to try the direct and simple technique. Particularly so since the penalty of failure in the straight course would not this time be so heavy. There is no army of occupation in Belgium. In holding to our resolution to support a new party we do not have to play against stakes so high as a victory of Imperial Germany. A victory of the Republicans under Wood or the Democrats under Palmer would, indeed, be a disaster of the same category, but not one of the same awful finality. Whatever the immediate consequences, is it not sounder definitely to deny our support to either of the old parties, even though we could bring one of them to tempt us with a Hoover? Building on anything except a solid foundation has somehow lost its attraction.

GEORGE SOULE.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Hoover and The New Republic

SIR: In view of The New Republic's position regarding the Plumb Plan, the sedition bills and the Peace Treaty—a position in which I concur—I believe that at this early stage of the campaign we owe it to our readers to underwrite no man's candidacy until he comes more completely into agreement with us than Mr. Hoover has come on issues such as these. I disagree particularly with the editorials of January 21st and February 4th. I saw neither editorial before it was published (through no fault of yours; I was away from New York at the time). Accordingly I must ask this chance to disassociate myself from the policy these editorials have defined.

CHARLES MERZ.

New York City.

Mr. Simonds on the Treaty

SIR: May I venture to make a single suggestion in the matter of the controversy now going on over the need to modify the Treaty of Versailles in the interests not merely of world peace in the future but of world health in the immediate present.

Most of these suggestions have a British origin, and, in fact, proceed from the so-called "liberal" quarters, which in reality are something quite different from those sections of American public opinion which we call "liberal." The difference is, as I conceive it, that in Britain this "liberal"

school actually speaks for a national policy, while in the United States the "liberals" speak for ideas which are not in the least combined with any necessarily national or selfish policy.

If there is to be a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, any modification of the terms imposed upon Germany, the purpose of such revision must be not primarily to placate the Germans, but to arrive at a settlement which will have greater chance of enduring and will make possible a return of the whole world to something approximating health. We shall most of us agree that world health cannot be restored until both the Russian and the German questions are settled, measureably, tolerably.

But if the terms are to be modified, there is involved not a sacrifice by a single nation, but by all nations. My quarrel with the proposals of the British "liberals," and specifically with Brailsford and Keynes, lies in the fact that both would put the burden of the sacrifice upon France and the United States and not upon Great Britain, who would, on the whole, next to Germany, profit most by the return of Germany to economic health.

We are all agreed that the great sacrifice in the war, the crushing burden, was borne by France, not merely in human loss, quite twice as great for France as for the United Kingdom, with a larger population, but also in the devastation incident to German invasion, occupation and military operation. It is therefore totally unjust that France should be asked to bear the largest burden of sacrifice in the matter of the peace as well as of the war.

But France must find in the victory two things, security and reparation. Even reparation is the lesser consideration. On the whole it will be better for France to go through something approximating bankruptcy if the concomitant circumstance is the permanent or approximate ruin of Germany, the repetition in Germany of the aftermath of the Thirty Years' War, rather than to see Germany rapidly recovering from the war, become again the menace that she has been to French existence from 1871 to 1918.

Britain on the contrary can see German rehabilitation with equanimity because there is no reasonable possibility of German renaissance as a sea power or a commercial rival in this generation. The German fleet is gone and German finances cannot support the burden of a new construction while, with the absolute control of the sea, Britain can paralyze German commerce on the very hour in which she discovers the beginning of a new German sea threat. Moreover, the destruction of German merchant marine has given to the British a more complete victory than they ever achieved over their other commercial rivals, their other opponents in the race for sea supremacy, France, Holland and Spain, in past centuries.

Britain has brought home from the war absolute security and relative profit, relative as contrasted with any other European power. If the war has cost her much, it has placed her in control of the vast markets in which German competition was pressing her closely before the war and of all the German colonies, with minor exceptions, while in reparation for German submarine depredations she has demanded and will receive the vast majority of German ships.

With perfect safety, then, Britain can urge the United States to surrender her claim for \$10,000,000,000 due because of war loans, with perfect serenity she can advocate ameliorations of the Treaty terms which will have as their consequences the lessening of German hardships, the acceleration of German recovery. Not only will Britain lose

nothing by it, but she will profit in two ways, first by the lessening of the chance of general anarchy, and, secondly by the certainty that for years to come Germany will be her best customer. Thus the considerations of general humanity are for the British closely joined to those of national self-interest.

No such situation confronts the French. The indispensable concomitant of victory for them must be security. They can only be persuaded to consent to contributing to the restoration of German health by the bestowal upon them of guarantees that this restoration of health will have for them, no such consequences as did the last expansion of German economic prosperity. It is not even enough to argue that France can hope for no real reparation payment if Germany does not acquire economic and commercial health, if along with the payment of reparations is to go the renewal of the old threat which, from the Treaty of Frankfort onward, has weighed upon the French spirit. Better a long period of French poverty, with the corresponding ruin of Germany, so millions of Frenchmen believe, than the old risks with the temporary and, probably, inconsiderable incidental alleviation of financial burdens.

If France is to be persuaded to agree to the change in the terms of the Treaty of Versailles the very first step necessary is the guarantee of France against all consequences of this modification, against the renewal of German menace after the return of German health. This is what the Anglo-French-American treaty did. This is what Great Britain must do, for herself, if the United States cannot be persuaded to share in the burden.

France has never yet been able to reach a clear decision as to which will for her hold out the greater safety, a solvent Germany which will pay for destructions recently wrought and be able to repeat the destructions within a relatively brief period, and an insolvent Germany which can neither pay nor yet repeat her crimes of 1870 and 1914. Her decision can only be promoted from the outside by the bestowal upon her of such guarantees as will abolish her legitimate apprehensions, the result of two unprovoked attacks.

It is not enough for British "liberals" sitting safely in their own island, with German naval challenge removed and German commercial rivalry eliminated to call upon France and Poland to give up the security Britain has acquired for herself and will hold henceforth automatically, to give up the Saar valley and the Dantzig corridor while Britain holds German East Africa and German Southwest Africa, to give up Upper Silesian and Saar valley mines while Britain holds German merchant marine, and to make these sacrifices in the interests of world health and economic recovery.

Let us agree that changes are necessary but that they must be paid for all round, not, as Mr. Keynes suggests, by an American surrender of \$10,000,000,000 of European indebtedness, the French resignation of the Saar circumstance, the Polish surrender of Upper Silesia, and—the British consent to forego the collection from Germany of the "reparation allowances" which were never justly assessed against Germany under the terms of the original armistice.

And, above all, let American "liberalism" be on its guard against too easily and too completely adopting the language and the ideas of British "liberalism" which is founded on a recognition of national and material interests, wholly justified in a national political group, but not in

the least in accord with what must be the objective of American "liberalism" if it is to be truly liberal and not actually a poor imitation of one faction in British political life. If we see Europe through the eyes of this faction we shall never see Europe at all but only watch the continent from that insular and uncomprehending point of view which has been British from the beginning. God knows, we have and shall have sufficient insularity of our own without taking on that of another nation.

If we are going to insist that France and Poland give Germany back her coal mines and certain of her European territories, we must at the very least demand that Britain return German ships and her colonies and agree to turn back the ships we have taken, while, if we ask the French and the Poles to risk their own future by permitting Germany to recover national health rapidly, we must be prepared to give our guarantees against future German aggression.

The worst phase about the present situation is that the continent of Europe, not without colorable justification, sees us Anglo-Saxons, British and American, the sole gainers by the war itself, seeking to increase our gains by diminishing the slender profits of our Allies whose sacrifices have been greater than ours, even to the point of depriving them of national security while consenting to no sacrifice ourselves and invoking moral precepts to dragoon our Allies into tenderness to their recent foes and traditional enemies.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Upper Montclair, New Jersey.

From Vienna

SIR: News has reached Vienna during these last days of the proposed Act of Congress for extending dollar credits to certain countries of Middle Europe, including Austria. While precision is lacking regarding even the essential details and figures of the loan, while no assurance as to the affirmative decision of Congress exists, the very proposal must be regarded here as an event of signal importance. It is one of the few hopeful notes, in many months, to sound amidst the somber discord of Central Europe. Austria is still technically an enemy country: yet from America has flashed this message of projected cooperation and support. Paradoxical as the suggestion may appear to many who have but recently been answering the call for treasure and arms to defeat the Central Empires, the condition of Austria and the state of the world make it urgently desirable that America slough off technicalities and vote the loan.

The policy of dismembering the Austro-Hungarian Empire aimed at the defeat of Germany. In this, it was a thoroughly legitimate policy. The chances of victory seemed to be scarcely five per cent one way or the other. Austria was the enemy's vulnerable point. By assiduously encouraging defection within the Hapsburg monarchy, the five per cent advantage was gained on the Allies' side of the front,—and the war was won. Once again, the immediate utilitarian motive was seconded by considerations of the rights of Czechs, Poles, Rumanians and Jugoslavs to live the free lives of their own national cultures and aspirations. The fulfilment of these secondary considerations is a caricature of distortion and dismay. Central Europe is strewn with the wreckage of the scrapped Hapsburg monarchy. Six nations have been formed partially or wholly from the former Empire. They are: Poland, Czechoslo-

vakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Even in normal circumstances, none of these nations would be economically self-sufficing. At present they are practically all in a desperate condition of insolvency. Coal and raw materials are lacking, production lies stagnant, and the shadow of military strife and of Bolshevism, past or potential, darkens six capitals. The fatal diminution in the coal output is due to war demoralization, fatigue, the depreciation of the currency, and national boundary disputes. Distribution of such coal as is mined is almost at a standstill. It is impossible for industry to operate on any important scale without coal. Were coal available, such operation would be impossible without credits for raw materials. The international record of this disaster appears in the rates of exchange, which would be laughable were they not tragic. The immediate human register is a prevailing and fearfully increasing condition of misery, degradation, poverty, disease, starvation and death. Close at hand lurk grippe, smallpox and plague. Before the principal entrance of one of the churches in Warsaw staggers a figure of the bowed Christ, dragging the burden of the Cross. From this doorway there issues each day coffin after coffin, as the interminable succession of funerals follows the long street in the direction of the outstretched hand of the Saviour.

Of these countries Austria occupies the commercial and transportation center. Austria is, however, the poorest in natural resources, raw materials and articles of exchange. Austria faces on almost every hand barriers of hostility and bitterness. Austria is, with the exception of Hungary, the only country of the group with which we are still at war. Vienna is traditionally the great city of the entire region beyond Switzerland and Germany. It counted as the city of administrations and of offices, of direction, finance and power. Only fifteen months ago it was still the capital of one of the great powers of Europe, with a population of two million and a cultural importance second only to Paris. It lies today the most lonely and desperate capital west of Russia. It is cold, hungry, friendless and forsaken. Its currency has collapsed on the world market to less than one fiftieth of its nominal value. Speaking internationally, it has disappeared. It is impossible to realize what this means unless one can imagine awakening some morning to find that a dollar bill had no more value in Montreal or Mexico City than a sheet out of last year's calendar. A well-paid stenographer or clerk in Vienna receives the exchange equivalent of six dollars per month, with a possible purchasing power in Vienna amounting to fifteen or twenty dollars. Such a person subsists on a minimum bread ration, and sauerkraut. One watches daily the street-cars passing in the direction of the great cemetery, approximately every second car bearing funeral wreaths slung against the rear platform. During the last few days the wreaths have disappeared because the street-cars were stopped for lack of coal. The only public administration in Vienna which is operating with any regularity or solvency, is the municipally owned undertaking business.

Yet Austria and Vienna are not without possibilities of production and life. Vienna has always excelled as a center of highly developed technical manufacture. The leather goods, furniture, jewelry, made there, vie with the best output of Paris. Some iron is available, and while the woollen industry is inconsiderable, there are 1,200,000 cotton spindles in Austria,—almost as many as in the entire

territory of Poland which holds five times Austria's population. Austria possesses, furthermore, immense untapped resources of hydraulic power, which could be developed with time, capital and coal. Vienna may still reconquer under some new political and economic regime a share of her former importance in finance and trade between the industrial and agricultural regions of the old Empire.

In this complicated situation America has already played an enviable role of organization and relief. From the fleet-load of foodstuffs which were shipped during 1919 to hungering European countries by the American Relief Administration under Mr. Hoover's direction, about forty-eight million dollars worth came to Austria. Delivery was against obligations to the three principal European Allies, but the credit originated in Washington. Supplies were distributed under American supervision, and the knowledge and prestige of the American organization were devoted arduously to the establishment of healthier economic relationships and to the revival of production. The European Children's Fund, also directed by Mr. Hoover, has delivered since May to the children of Austria three and a half million dollars worth of food and is today giving one meal per day to 270,000 Austrian children. Two million children are fed by the same organization in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia. This relief has served to modify, in a measure, people's amazement and disillusion at the slipping of the Fourteen Points into the imperialistic runways of Paris. But that is not sufficient. It is due principally to America that Austria has been kept alive up to the present. The next step is for Austria to win the opportunity of keeping herself alive.

The future may bring readjustments which shall temper despair and make Central Europe, if not "safe for democracy," at least a place where democracy and safety may develop. The treaties of 1919 obviously cannot endure. New and saner political bonds must be contrived as the framework of economic activity. Production is the keynote. Production of coal first. Then transportation of coal. Putting mills to work. Supplying raw materials for the fabrication of goods. Rebuilding an economic process of creation and exchange. There is no certainty as to when these ends are to be realized or whether they ever will be realized. America, however, can be absolutely assured of one thing: if death and decay obtain here they will contaminate the channels of communication all over the earth and ultimately reach America itself. The carcasses of these countries could, in their dissolution, pollute the world.

Austria as well as her neighbors must be "staked" in this, the real "war after the war." Rehabilitation must be measured against utter catastrophe. We assembled our resources to aid the Entente: to defeat Germany, rescue Allied sea-power, and, as we then dared hope, prepare a cleaner, finer world to live in. Germany is defeated. Allied sea-power is safe. Yet the world is menaced by such social disintegration as was never conceived of in the memory of our days. Against this menace America must combat. The loans to Central Europe, to Austria, are the immediate weapons at hand. It is in accordance with our tradition, with our motives for entering the war, with our own cultural and material interests, that we vote these loans.

JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON.

Vienna, Austria.

Why Mr. Hoover?

SIR: In the light of The New Republic's generally liberal attitude towards foreign and domestic problems I am altogether at a loss to understand its enthusiastic support of Mr. Herbert Hoover as a candidate for the Presidency.

It seems to me that, in international matters, a man's liberalism may fairly be measured by his stand on the Peace Treaty and on the Russian blockade. Mr. Hoover's criticism of the Peace Treaty seemed to expend itself in an outburst of naive, neo-Wilsonian indignation at the idea of placing a Hapsburg Archduke upon the throne of Hungary. This outburst, by the way, does not seem to have given Hungary a much better government. On the major iniquities of the Peace Treaty, the blockade of Germany for months after the signing of the armistice, the forcible starvation of Austria through its separation from Germany at the behest of the French Foreign Office, the Saar, Dantzic, West Prussia, German Bohemia, the Tyrol and all the long list of territorial injustices, on all these points Mr. Hoover has preserved a sphinxlike silence, although he must know as well as any man the dire extremities to which Europe has been reduced by the cruelty, rapacity and folly of the Versailles peacemakers.

Towards the Russian revolutionary democracy Mr. Hoover has maintained an attitude of savage and implacable hostility. Throughout the long months of the blockade he evidently felt that Bolshevism must be crushed, even if every baby in Russia had to be starved in the process. It is only very recently, when the Allied governments themselves, constrained not by any impulse of humanity, but by the victories of the Red Army, decided to undertake the partial lifting of the blockade, that Mr. Hoover suddenly became converted to the theory that trade would be an excellent means of "killing" Bolshevism. It is a pity that this idea did not occur to him sooner, when the sources of Russia's economic life, the Donetz and the Urals, western Siberia and the Ukraine, were in the hands of the counterrevolutionists. At that time he preferred to ascribe the terrible deathrate among the babies of Moscow and Petrograd to the "inefficiency" of the Soviet government.

I fail to see any proof of genuine liberalism in Mr. Hoover's recent statement of his position on domestic issues. True he comes out in favor of our traditional rights of free speech, etc. But so does Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Like Mr. Butler again, Mr. Hoover declares his uncompromising opposition to nationalization in any form. And nationalization, in some form, is an essential prerequisite to any scheme for the liberal reconstruction of our industrial system.

In one of your editorials supporting Mr. Hoover's candidacy you admit that he is more offended by the Red Terror in Russia and Hungary than by the White Terror in Hungary and Finland. You brush this circumstance aside as unimportant. It seems to me tremendously important. The mental attitude which leads Mr. Hoover to condone the violence of those who have and to denounce the violence of those who have not would logically lead him to look with more disfavor upon the striker who throws a brick at a scab than upon the company gunman who shoots a union organizer in the course of a riot.

The sole valid argument in favor of Mr. Hoover is his unquestionably efficient record as an administrator during the war. But efficiency is a quality shared by Judge Gary, Clemenceau and the Prussian General Staff. There is no

reason to suppose that General Wood and Governor Lowden are lacking in efficiency. Nine-tenths of the suffering in the world at the present time is due to efficiency, selfish efficiency, devoid of moral purpose or rational direction. In choosing a liberal candidate for President let us have an efficient man by all means; but let us first have a man who is courageous, and humane, and forward-looking, who will not be afraid to condemn the Peace Treaty and the blockade of Prussia for the crimes that they are, who will not instinctively condemn strikes because they hamper production. American liberals could much better afford to lose with Mr. LaFollette, Mr. Howe or Mr. Walsh than to win with Mr. Hoover.

A. C. FREEMAN.

New York City.

The Precedent of Expulsion

SIR: May I as a New Englander of Republican ancestry defend in your columns the Republican action at Albany and at Washington in refusing seats to the Socialists? Such action not only is warranted, but should be made a precedent.

All intelligent Americans are agreed that the times call for stern legislation to check the rising tide of Bolshevism. But it may be expected that such legislation would be opposed by the Socialists, whose Bolshevik tendencies are generally acknowledged.

This year the Republicans will sweep the country, more especially if Bryan splits the Democratic party on a labor issue. But a Democratic party bidding for labor will itself be a menace to necessary legislation. We shall need a precedent for unseating Democratic representatives.

An absolute Republican rule may be expected to effect a thorough Americanization of the country. Radicalism will not dare show its head till strong enough to command a majority real or imagined, at which time, with the precedent of expulsion firmly established, we may at last have an all Non-partisan, or all Labor, or all Communist Congress, and may go on to real progress or at least experiment.

THEODORE M. PEASE.

New York City.

Two Quotations

SIR: "Now the right of revolution is an inherent one. When people are oppressed by their government, it is a natural right they enjoy to relieve themselves of the oppression, if they are strong enough, either by withdrawal from it, or by overthrowing it and substituting a government more acceptable. But any people or part of a people who resort to this remedy, stake their lives, their property and every claim for protection given by citizenship—on the issue. Victory or the conditions imposed by the conqueror must be the result."

Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, Page 219.

"The Constitution was not framed with a view to any such rebellion as that of 1861-65. While it did not authorize rebellion it made no provision against it. Yet the right to resist or suppress rebellion is as inherent as the right of self-defense—" Same, Page 500.

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

The Times Shows up the Times

SIR: The New York Times, thick-and-thin-defender of the Treaty of Peace and the Covenant of the League in all forms that they have taken or may take, uses this language in an editorial of February 11th on "the position of this Government [the United States] toward the new States which have sprung up around the borders of the old Russia":

The genuineness of the national movements in most of the border States seems fairly evident to outsiders, despite Russian denials. . . . But the State Department appears to expect what quite possibly may happen—the establishment of a stable, non-Bolshevist government in Russia within a few years. That government will command something near to a hundred and fifty million people; it will be a friend worth having or an enemy not to be ignored. The men who may be supposed to represent the ideas of that government have told us that Russia under a democracy must get out to the sea just as much as Russia under the Tsar, and the State Department sees no point in antagonizing Russia by formal recognition of states which we should never support against a Russian reconquest. The choice was difficult, and any decision will be justified by success and condemned by failure. . . . A general refusal to recognize any of them will be justified if it happens to work out well.

This shows what is the real faith of the Times in the League as a defense of small nations against big ones, and what is its real devotion to the ideals which it has so sonorously preached. Or, if you press for a strict construction of the language, this shows what the Times thinks of the sincerity of the present administration in connection with Article X and the demand for self-determination, and what policy the Times contemplates as probably justifiable if in a few years Russia gets a stable non-Bolshevist government.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

Is The Tide Turning?

SIR: Two articles in your issue of February 11th suggest that perhaps the tide of intolerance is turning. The best test of the country's temper, it has already seemed to me, is to be found in the newspapers of the smaller cities. The tide has indeed turned, if its shift is felt that far from the moon's center. As one cheering piece of evidence I quote a recent editorial in the Sandusky (Ohio) Register—a paper orthodox and uncritically Republican:

"The ousting of socialists from legislative seats, the wholesale arrest of aliens, the suppression of newspapers and other publications, the breaking up of meetings and imprisonment of speakers—these occurrences are new to our land and foreign to the mode of government formerly known as American. All of them may be a natural reaction against intolerable alienism and crime, but in all these directions the rebound has carried the country too far. . . .

"Liberal thought is penalized today in the United States. Radicalism is ostracised. The nation is hysterical and its hysteria is fed by fanatical jingoes and crafty politicians. The people have not been permitted the boon of calm discussion and serious thought. They have not been given time to realize that one may be a "radical" and still be a good American—that there are many kinds and degrees of radicalism and that constructive, progressive radicalism is the rock upon which American democracy was built."

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Bandwagon

How Much Longer Are We Going To Let The Russians Blockade Us?

"So long as Russia and Central Europe withhold their full contribution from the stock of commodities for general consumption, the cost of living can hardly be reduced or general prosperity restored to the world."—King George, Address to Parliament.

Horatius at the Bridge

"Much has been said about the guarantee of free speech. No man can go farther than I will go, in his earnestness to protect the people in that particular."—A. Mitchell Palmer.

Put It in the Party Platform

"Governor Lowden of Illinois is wearing his old overcoat as part of the campaign against high prices. . . . The Governor said that he intended to continue wearing the old coat as a matter of principle."—Associated Press dispatch from Chicago.

Nicholas Was Another

"We are all for free speech until it becomes license, when it is time to call a halt. I am one who does not believe in the safety valve principle."—Bishop Burch.

The New Day in Hungary

"What our party wants," declared Count Somsich, President of the Royalist Party in Hungary, "is to restore the monarchical form of government. Who shall be the King is a secondary consideration."

But Russia, for all that, is still in Chaos

The decisive difference between the Lenin-Trotsky group and Kolchak and Denikin, the difference which brought victory to the Bolshevik forces, was that one was efficient and the other was not.—Editorial in the New York Times.

In Round Numbers

"I make this statement advisedly, weighing my words exactly for what they mean in the English language; there is more danger of revolution, there is more Bolshevism to the square inch in New York City and more Bolshevism to the square foot in the United States of America than there is in the whole tremendous expanse of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic."—Peter W. Collins, Knights of Columbus Reconstruction Service.

Mr. Palmer Embraces the Einstein Theory

"The campaign against the high cost of living has not been unsuccessful, and although there has been no general lowering of prices to the consumer, there has been a marked tendency toward it."—A. Mitchell Palmer, reported by the Associated Press.

Literary Notes

IN December the Intercollegiate Socialist Society incorporated with its quarterly organ, *The Intercollegiate Socialist*, a Boston periodical, *The Forward*, and the two have become a monthly—*The Socialist Review*. This has now appeared in three issues and its announced intention of being an "informational rather than a propagandist organ" is being carried out fairly well. It has already had enlightening articles by Arthur Gleason on British labor, by W. Harris Crook on the formation of the American Labor party, and by Emile Vandervelde on the Belgian elections. As a literary venture the *Socialist Review* hardly reaches its own aspiration to "high-class English," but it tries energetically and successfully to give a survey of the world's socialistic experiments. If it is not excommunicated from the colleges it will provide them with a great deal of useful and otherwise inaccessible information.

In the *New Republic's* review of *The Equipment of the Workers* it should have been stated that anyone who wants this book need not send to London for it as the Sunwise Turn, Inc., New York City, is the American agent.

In March will appear a new book by Herbert Croly of the *New Republic*, entitled *The Breach in Civilization*. This discusses not merely the cause of moral schism in modern civilization but also the means of remedying it. It traces the divisions of society, its hostile nations and irreconcilable classes, to a lack of moral integrity which can only be corrected by a closer union between morals and religion on one side and science on the other. The book points to the fund of social knowledge and social method that can be placed at the service of humane ideals.

The death of Perez Galdos (1845—1920) on January 10th has caused far less comment in this country than the latest pot-boiler by his better advertised compatriot Blasco Ibañez. Yet Galdos has been called the greatest of modern Spanish novelists and he has deserved this by reason of his solidly realistic portrayal of Spanish men and women against the background of their country's history. There is the almost inevitable Spanish leaven of preaching in the books of Galdos, but it is well justified preaching against the crushing tyranny of the church and the state in nineteenth century Spain. Those of his novels which have been published in England or the United States are *Doña Perfecta*, *Gloria*, *La Familia de Leon Roch*, *Marianela*, *Trafalgar*, *Zaragoza* and *La Batalla de los Arapiles*.

Out of the social unrest, so bitterly deplored in every patriotic speech, have at least come the promises of several interesting series of books. We have already mentioned the series on American Labor announced by B. W. Huebsch, and now Scott and Seltzer are planning *The Modern Library of Social Science* which they will publish in conjunction with an English house. It will be under the editorship of Ramsay MacDonald, who has written the first volume, *Parliament and Revolution*, to be issued this month. Still another series not yet announced for American publication is being prepared by Methuen, London. This is to be called the *Library of Social Studies*, and Mr. G. D. H. Cole will edit it. Mr. Cole will himself contribute *An Introduction to Social Theory*, in which he will devote special attention to the importance of the economic factor in society, and the function of the state in relation both to the individual and to other forms of asso-

ciation. Other early volumes in this series will be *The Industrial Revolution* by J. L. and B. E. Hammond, *The Industrial History of Modern Britain (1830—1919)* by J. R. Taylor, *The Fall of Feudalism in France* by Sydney Herbert, *The British Labor Movement* by C. M. Lloyd, and *Industry in the Middle Ages* in which the general editor is collaborating with M. I. Cole.

Who is the typical American? It is E. W. Howe, of *Howe's Monthly*, if one is to trust Vincent O'Sullivan in the *New Witness*. He doesn't actually make this alarming statement, but he quotes several pages from Howe's book, *Common Sense*, and he quotes from Mencken's preface to it that "his [Howe's] voice in a very real sense, is the voice of the better sort of American people." Mr. Sullivan even goes so far as to suggest subscription to the *Monthly* and unless some counter-propaganda is immediately started the typical American will soon be constructed in England out of the aphorisms which Mr. Sullivan has collected. He exhibits startled delight at such morsels as "The less a man amounts to, the more sentimental he is," and "The long and short of it is, whoever catches the fool first is entitled to shear him."

To those who prefer the "earlier" Joseph Conrad, it will be good news that his new novel, *The Rescue*, is another romance of the Eastern Archipelago. It will appear in the spring.

Kipling and Loti, Puccini and Conrad have familiarized us with the irresistible white man and his trail of forsaken brown, black and yellow maidens. At last, according to a review in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, the tables have been turned. A young Bengali has written four tales of brown men and white women, and not, as one might well have expected, in contemptuous reprisal, but in laughing acknowledgment of the fact that three times out of the four the women were deceivers. The author's name is Pramath Caudhuri, his book is called *Tales of Four Friends*, and it is published by himself in Calcutta.

The Macmillan Company announce a number of Spring novels by authors well known to their public. Winston Churchill is to call his next book *The Green Bay Tree* and it is scheduled to appear in May. St. John Ervine, whose *Jane Clegg* has just opened on the New York Stage, is the author of a new novel, *The Foolish Lovers*. Sir Harry Johnston's success *The Gay-Donbeys* is to be followed up by Mr. Warren's *Daughter*—the heroine of which is Vivien Warren, who owes her start in life to Mrs. Warren's profession. The Society for the Suppression of Vice can hardly tolerate this bit of literature since the author declines to insist that the wages of Mrs. Warren's sin is death. Miss E. M. Delafield is the author of *Tension*, a study of character, and Arthur Bullard is to have a novel not yet named but analyzing certain "vital issues of society".

A book for some American publisher to discover is the late Leonid Andreiev's *Under the Yoke of War*, mentioned in a letter to the *New Age*. It has recently been translated into Italian from the Russian manuscript but is not yet in English. The book is a minute analysis of the effect of war upon the writer's personality. It is cast in the form of a diary covering the period from August 1914 to October 15th, 1915. The censor refused it publication on account of its supposedly "defeatist" views, but this need not now deter the potential American publisher.

An American Boy

Farmington, by Clarence Darrow. Third edition. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

MUCH has happened in literary America since Clarence Darrow first etched *Farmington*. In the period since 1904 a close associate of Mr. Darrow's, Edgar Lee Masters, produced the most novel and drastic of all realistic American creations, the *Spoon River Anthology*; and a great deal of the material that so manifestly attracted Clarence Darrow has since been developed by novelists like Sherwood Anderson. But even after this marked interval, and in this changed perspective of Middle-West creation, *Farmington* reappears with no fundamental loss of interest. It is one of the few much-eulogized "out of print" successes that surely deserves to be revived.

It is not easy to define the charm of *Farmington*. Even in 1904 Mr. Darrow was something of a legal spellbinder, and the spellbinder is never completely absent from the philosophy of this book. One could construct from it, indeed, a complete character to corroborate one's personal impression of the author—a man of definite radicalism and definite emancipation yet "human" (that is to say, vain, sentimental, cynical and smug) to the point of laughter and tears. But in spite of this relentless haunting presence, this strong emanation of the natural ego, one is perpetually allured by the truth and beauty of his reminiscence. He holds in his mind and presents to the reader a picture of American boyhood which, in its apparent artlessness, can nowhere be wholly surpassed. Touched by occasional sophistry, with mists of sentiment now and then wafted across its surface, it is really as clean and candid a version of boyishness in an American setting as any in our national possession. It is, that is to say, almost the direct opposite of the creations of Booth Tarkington—such, at any rate, as I have seen. Booth Tarkington knows what we fondly expect to be told about boyhood and he tells it to us, with occasional most amusing touches of verity. Clarence Darrow neither knows nor cares what we expect. Once in a long while he adverts to us and flings us a falsification, but for the most part he is intent on the reality of his boyhood and to this reality he clings. We miss the humor of puppy-love. We miss "cuteness" of every description. We miss the Buddy and Skinny and all the rest of it that represent grown-up sentimentalization. Instead we have something rather greedy and terrifically self-centred and powerfully eager and a little wistful and tremulous, a creature of genuine passions, of genuine capacity for tragedy, a creature that cannot understand its own being and that no one else may readily understand. This creature, often obnoxious and yet seriously appealing, is the John Smith of Mr. Darrow's *Farmington*. It is perhaps the sincerity with which Mr. Darrow patiently—and imperfectly—recalls him that communicates such poignancy and such charm.

To infer this from a brief quotation is scarcely possible, yet something of the book's quality may be guessed from such passages as this from *My Home*: "My mother died when I was in my earlier teens, and her figure has not that clearness that I wish it had. . . . Both my father and mother must have been kind and gentle and tender to the large family that so sorely taxed their time and strength; and yet, as I look back, I do not have the feeling of closeness that should unite the parent and the child. They were New England people, raised in the Puritan school of

life, and I fancy that they would have felt that demonstrations of affection were signs of weakness rather than of love. I have no feeling of a time when either my father or my mother took me, or any other member of our family, in their arms; and the control of the household seemed to be by such fixed rules as are ordinarily followed in family life, with now and then a resort to rather mild corporal punishment. . . . I well remember that we were all glad if our parents, or either of them, were absent for a day; not that they were unkind, but that with them we felt restraint. . . ."

Yet *My Father* is a portrait of which many a man might be proud. "Poor man! I can see him now as plainly as if it were yesterday. I can see him with his books,—English, Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew,—carrying them back and forth to the dusty mill, and snatching the smallest chance, even when the water was spilling over the dam, to learn more of the wonders that were held between the covers of these books. All my life I have felt that Nature had some grudge against my father. If she had made him a simple miller, content when he was grinding corn and dipping the smallest toll from the farmers' grist, he might have lived a fairly useful, happy life. But day after day and year after year he was compelled to walk the short and narrow path between the little house and the decaying mill, while his mind was roving over scenes of great battles, decayed empires, dead languages, and the starry heavens above. . . ."

By this method, partly descriptive and partly didactic, Mr. Darrow portrays not only his father and his mother, his Aunt Mary and his Aunt Louisa, the shiftless Henry family and the arrogant Allen family, but also his boy's whole series of contacts and experiences in and out of home. Because Mr. Darrow is leisurely looking backward, there is no dramatic tensivity. But without tensivity there is accumulated an impression of the Pennsylvania valley community which has every character of life. Mr. Darrow describes going to church and going to Sunday-school in a fashion that revives all one's sensations of the mean inflictions of religion. The memories of the district school, of the ludicrous school "readers," of the joyous "last days of school," of Christmas and the Fourth of July—these are imperishable. They live particularly in such vivid touches as the description of going barefooted or of listening to the great patriotic orator or of fishing solemnly with a bent pin. And Mr. Darrow's boy version of the inutility of girls brightly revives a state of mind that most males must have forgotten—though Mr. Darrow permits himself to describe all girls as girlish girls.

It is true, and it must be urged against *Farmington*, that much of its pensive "philosophy" is pose. Perhaps its reflective wisdom was felt to be more impressive in 1904 than it can be now. Now, at any rate, it is like a proud resurrection of peg-top trousers and the low-crowned 1904 felt hat. "For, after all, life is mostly illusions," "the ever illusive game of life," "my father could have read his own biography, and looked at the picture of himself and his famous mill. And really this is about the only reason that any of us write books, if the truth were known." "After much reflection I have reached the conclusion that all people are envious to a greater or less degree, and of course each one's goodness and importance increase in proportion as those of others are made to grow less." The only thing to say of these crushing aphorisms is that they are sophomoric, even when they verge on a Nietzschean "human, all too human," or a "beyond good and evil." Their essence

is a certain wise-guy superficiality, popularly summed up in the less dignified Jeremiads of "oh hell," "life's one damn thing after another," "I should worry," and "what's the use." Men who have drunk deep of life, drained life to the dregs, and tasted the lees, go in for this sort of impressiveness. Still, it is a small blemish in the fine texture of Farmington. Farmington does not survive by virtue of its philosophy but by virtue of its simple veracious confession and the wistful beauty that bathes its reminiscence.

F. H.

Aftermath

Picture Show by Siegfried Sassoon. E. P. Dutton & Company.

ONE of the best pictures never drawn by either Max Beerbohm or Bruce Bairnsfather was that of a group of Vigilantes Reading the War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon. Possibly it is just as well that neither of these draughtsmen attempted the dramatic subject. For it would have taken a sharper pencil than theirs to record the tumult of emotions with which our local (and civilian) blood-hate-and-glory rhapsodists turned from the gathering scorn in *The Old Huntsman* to the blasts of shattering disillusion and still more shattering pity in *Counter-Attack*. Here, in poetry that seared even as it sang, was the reaction of clean youth to organized depravity; the horror of tenderness faced with a gigantic sadism. Stanzas like *How to Die*, *The Rear-Guard*, *To Any Dead Officer*, did not merely spring from a poet's conviction; they were wrenched, root and nerve, from the bleeding core of his sufferings; they intensified in a passionate verse what Barbusse spread out in panoramic prose.

And now we have *Picture Show*, a vigorous answer to those who feared that Sassoon had "written himself out" or had begun to burn away in his own fire. The same outrage and loathing of war is in the new poems but a darker restraint is here; an emotion remembered not so much in tranquility as in irony. One of the most rousing of his recent poems, *Aftermath*, might well be the title of this volume, so firmly does it balance and round off his trilogy. In *The Old Testament* the war is accepted; a response to the wish that impelled such poems as Grenfell's *Into Battle* and Brooke's *Now, God be thanked who matched us with this hour*; new slogans stir a regenerative hope. In *Counter-Attack*, war, as a cleanser, is ridiculed, jeered, damned, excoriated. In *Picture Show* the poet, rising from his bloody bath, repudiates it forever. Brooke himself, had he lived, might have expressed just such revulsions; phases where the desperate and self-destructive impulses are succeeded by a deeper and more controlled ironism; Brooke's threnody, *The Funeral of Youth*, and his fish's Heaven seem a telepathic preparation for Sassoon's Atrocities, his *Early Chronology* or his:

MEMORIAL TABLET (Great War)

SQUIRE nagged and bullied till I went to fight,
(Under Lord Derby's Scheme). I died in hell—
(They called it Passchendaele). My wound was slight,
And I was hobbling back; and then a shell
Burst slick upon the duck-boards: so I fell
Into the bottomless mud, and lost the light.

At sermon-time, while Squire is in his pew,
He gives my gilded name a thoughtful stare;
For, though low down upon the list, I'm there;

'In proud and glorious memory' . . . that's my due.
Two bleeding years I fought in France, for Squire:
I suffered anguish that he's never guessed.
Once I came home on leave: and then went west . . .
What greater glory could a man desire?

This is a deeper satire than one finds in the early Sassoon; a kind of pitiful acerbity that has been hardened by something fiercer than warfare and fouler than the "glory of the trenches." But pathos has not been killed in the poet. Sassoon turns from the dead to the living with renewed pity and protestations. Even the sight of a sleeping friend sends him back to the nightmare from which he is not yet fully awake.

THE DUG-OUT

WHY do you lie with your legs ungainly huddled,
And one arm bent across your sullen, cold,
Exhausted face? It hurts my heart to watch you,
Deep-shadow'd from the candle's guttering gold;
And you wonder why I shake you by the shoulder;
Drowsy, you mumble and sigh and turn your head. . . .
You are too young to fall asleep forever;
And when you sleep you remind me of the dead.

Or, in a vein which combines both moods,

RECONCILIATION

WHEN you are standing at your hero's grave,
Or near some homeless village where he died,
Remember, through your heart's rekindling pride,
The German soldiers who were loyal and brave

Men fought like brutes; and hideous things were done;
And yet you have nourished hatred, harsh and blind.
But in that Golgotha perhaps you'll find
The mothers of the men who killed your son.

The contents of the volume, in spite of its suggestive title, are not wholly given over to the sidelights, fevers and fantasies of modern warfare. Almost one third of the book is a record of those passages of love which verge from the physical to the metaphysical; reflections of an emotion that is half-celebrated, half-stifled. Essentially romantic, there is a kind of exalted realism that heightens the inverted pain and ecstasy in *The Imperfect Lover*, *Slumber-Song*, *To A Childless Woman*. One detects an echo here and there (the eerie magic of Walter de la Mare rings faintly through *Middle Ages* and *The Dark House*); hints of an old music furnish a strange counterpoint to these harsh and unresolved modulations. But Sassoon's own spirit, finding its own idiom, rises above the echoes and dissonances. There is a kind of penetration which, in a lesser man might be cleverness, that paints Adam the wild male sorrowing over the wronged Cain and despising the effeminate Abel, or that turns what seems to be an incident on the Flanders front to a reanimated biblical legend.

DEVOTION TO DUTY

I WAS near the King that day. I saw him snatch
And briskly scan the G.H.Q. dispatch.
Thick-voiced, he read it out. (His face was grave.)
'This officer advanced with the first wave,
'And when our first objective had been gained,
'(Though wounded twice), reorganized the line:
'The spirit of the troops was by his fine
'Example most effectively sustained.'
He gripped his beard; then closed his eyes and said,

'Bathsheba must be warned that he is dead.
'Send for her. I will be the first to tell
'This wife how her heroic husband fell.'

More scattered and varied than either of Sassoon's two earlier volumes, *Picture Show* has no less of his keen sensitivity. It brims with an intense ardor that would thrill the oldest member of the Union League Club. Even a one-hundred-and-twenty-five per cent American would enjoy it.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

The Future of India

The Political Future of India, by Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

L AJPAT RAI is on his road to India, to play his part—a significant part, if ability and courage count—in the peaceful movement of India toward her rightful place among the nations of the world. His departure is our grave loss, for there was never in America so keen and intelligible an interpreter of the life and the aspirations of India. Our generation needed a real interpreter the more because we had taken Kipling's India for what it was not, a political and social reality, instead of for what it was, a brilliant product of the imagination, real only in an artistic sense, like Homer's Phaeacia. In Lajpat Rai's books you see a rather unromantic India; in which poverty is brought into relation with the land tax and the system of taxation is brought into relation with the fat salaries of British officeholders and the maintenance of British armies at India's expense, in which illiteracy explains itself by reference to the school budget; industrial dependence falls into its proper place beside political dependence; revolutionary unrest ceases to seem a strange mood of a sullen people, half savage and half child, and becomes a perfectly intelligible reaction to the exclusion of a spirited people from opportunity, economic and political. Lajpat Rai is not a passionate writer; his favorite method is to heap facts upon facts, derived chiefly from the British official literature. This method usually produces dry books, but nothing of Lajpat Rai's is dry. On the contrary, his books are among the most fascinating political essays of the day.

The *Political Future of India* is an argument for granting India the political status enjoyed by the self-governing dominions of the British Empire. Why not? An occidental's ready reply is that India has not the requisite political capacity to govern herself. What has India ever known about democracy? India knew as much about it as any people in the world at the time when she fell under occidental sway. She knows as much about democracy as Poland or Russia or Rumania or Jugoslavia know. Yet we should never think of denying those peoples the right to self-government. But is not India split into castes that might exert an influence on politics? The castes will no doubt count, but need they exert a greater influence than the differences between laborers and capitalists in the western world? Still, India has that terrible rift between Hindu and Mohammedan. That rift is not so wide as the rift between Christian and Jew in Poland. Must we be frank and admit that our disbelief in self-government for India rests upon the color of the Hindu's skin? Neither are the Japanese of the white race; did they not overmatch

us all diplomatically in the peace? All the excellent general reasons why India should not be self-governing prove hollow, if you examine them in the light of the facts.

But there are specific reasons, many of them most excellent, why the British government can not at once relax its grip on Indian internal affairs. Lajpat Rai does not urge nor desire such a sweeping reform. He would merely go somewhat further than Montagu and Chelmsford in the grant of legislative authority to the provincial assemblies and in increasing the Hindu influence in the central legislative body. He would open the Civil Service more generally to Hindus, and in branches of the service where the functions can be adequately exercised by Hindus, he would cut the scale of pay to the level corresponding with native living requirements and save money for the pressing needs of education, especially practical education. He would increase the Hindu element in the Indian army and make greater use of Hindus as officers. Above all, Lajpat Rai insists upon fiscal autonomy. Let India levy customs duties, to enable her to establish industries. Otherwise India must remain indefinitely an importer of industrial products and an exporter of raw materials and food—often the food without which her people must die by the hundred thousand of famine. In sum, Lajpat Rai asks for India hardly more than a British Liberal would freely grant; certainly no more than a British Laborite would regard as fair. Yet it is so much more than India now has that the grant of it would quiet revolutionary activity and make the Bolshevik threat against India utterly vain.

India self-governing, launched through protection in the ways of modern industrialism, a new star in the firmament of capitalistic states—no, that is not Lajpat Rai's ideal. As he reads the prophecy of events, the civilization based upon unrestrained private enterprise is doomed. "It may take decades or a century more to die. *But die it must.* The war has prepared a death bed for it from which it will never rise." Lajpat Rai would have India build for the coming civilization, a civilization which will reproduce much of the goodwill and mutual aid of the age-old Indian order, while introducing much of the organized democracy of the new time. But that India may take her place in the new civilization, she must be self-governing, for only so can she develop the leadership without which she must remain inert, if not a focus of disorder between East and West.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

New Schools

New Schools for Old, by Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

OF all vital problems in the world touching the welfare of the future, the one that seems least to agitate the public mind is the problem of education. There is an under-surface current of dissatisfaction on all hands, a vague feeling that our educational system is a worn-out institution, a survival of something that once performed a real service under the conditions that gave it birth. This dissatisfaction is largely unexpressed. Occasionally, we find a newspaper using it as the subject of a filler-in editorial or perhaps one issue a year of a current topic magazine may be devoted to it. But, for the most part, the general public is content to leave the education of our future citizens to a handful of visionless officials in each community. And the moulders of public opinion,

newspapers, magazines, publicists, liberal organs of all kinds, absorbed in other phases of modern life, are putting forth no effort to make articulate or crystallize into action the general feeling of dissatisfaction. It is for that reason that we should welcome with considerable warmth the appearance of this book on education which fills a place too long left vacant. We need to have our educational shortcomings forcibly drawn to our attention.

Miss Dewey's particular field of investigation is the rural school and the problems peculiar to it. From what appears to be an unusual fund of information, gained at first hand, we learn of the amazing and woeful backwardness, social as well as economic, of our rural districts, a condition that seems to be general throughout the country.

To Porter, a country district in the northern part of Missouri, came Mrs. Turner Harvey, an educational missionary of vision, who preached that it was the business of every school to train its pupils to be successful as human beings. The book is a detailed picture of the successful experiment in education attempted by Mrs. Harvey, who recognized as the first need of a school a curriculum based on environment.

The school built up by Mrs. Harvey is a milestone in the history of education. It marks the awakening of a community to the vital part the school plays in its life, and the force for progress it can be made to be. For the first time, we see the school functioning as the school should, the centre of community life, the source of community spirit and the fountain head of cooperation and concerted effort. The book points the way toward the school of the future.

It holds up a warning hand to the on-rushing stream of American industrial prosperity and progress, pointing out clearly, logically, intelligently, the insecure and faulty foundations upon which our house of progress is built. A contented, progressive, agricultural class is the very backbone of healthy national life, for on it depends the industrial life of the country. The book offers a most intelligent treatment of our ever-growing problem of how to keep the farmer on the farm.

F. K. H.

Spanish Literature

Main Currents of Spanish Literature. by J. D. M. Ford.
New York: Henry Holt & Co.

TO those who have long looked to Professor Ford as their master in the field of Hispanic studies the volume of his Lowell Lectures comes as a renewed evidence of his broad reading and sound scholarship; to the casual reader it may be recommended as an admirable introduction to certain phases of the literature of Spain. Its eight chapters printed in the exact form in which they were delivered, present a picture of the varied expression which the Castilian spirit has found during the last six centuries in poetry, in the drama, and in the novel, ending with a glance at the achievement of the Spanish genius in the New World.

Professor Ford has disarmed possible criticism by his frank statement that he has "sought to be informative as to a large body of fact rather than exhaustively analytical with respect to any subject of limited scope." This is by no means a manual of Spanish literature; it selects certain characteristic types of figures and from them derives generalizations applicable to the whole history of Spanish literary production. The two opening chapters deal with the heroic tradition, as revealed in the epic and the ballad. A study of Cervantes is followed by two chapters on the

drama of the Golden Age, typified by the work of Lope de Vega and Calderón. In the following chapters the author studies the course of the lyric and the novel, passing hurriedly over the earlier manifestations to dwell in more detail on the work of the nineteenth century. Finally he touches some high points of Spanish-American literature.

The weight of emphasis in the different chapters is by no means even. The opening chapters are accorded a detailed attention to matters of scholarly controversy which do not elsewhere appear; the later chapters, covering as they do long periods, are frankly sketchy. The interest is also varying. The chapter on Cervantes does not rise above the average; on the other hand that on Lope de Vega is brilliantly written. In the closing chapter the appeal for a closer intimacy with our South American neighbors is much more effective than the account of their literary activity.

To offer criticism of a work of this character is not easy, for the choice of theme becomes largely a matter of taste. But we might have expected to find a greater effort to point out the fundamental unity of these different movements. After all, these "currents" flow in the same stream; together they should emphasize the striking traits of the Spanish genius, make clear the intimate connection between the keen realism of the early ballads and the visualizing power of the modern novelist or between the eloquence of her drama and the bombast of the patriotic poets.

Inherent in the method of the work is its greatest weakness: the lack of proportion. To survey in eight lectures the whole range of a national literature leads inevitably to the neglect of some of its phases. Professor Ford has met the difficulty with no slight success. It is, however, unfortunate to have passed over as significant and fascinating a field as the picaresque novel in half a page, to have disregarded wholly the work of the mystics, save Luis de León, a movement which in a century produced some three thousand works, to have left untouched the modern drama from the Younger Moratín de Benavente, a whole century of splendid achievement and progress. Occasionally the reader might even question the wisdom of the author's choice. Is it fair for instance, to devote six pages to a pompous, artificial poem like the *Victoria de Junín* and to dismiss with a word one of the few great poets of modern times, Rubén Darío?

Professor Ford's style smacks little of the platform; it is straightforward and clean-cut, admirably adapted to the exposition of his theme. Occasionally there appear references to contemporary events which seem less fitting on the printed page than they were in the spoken word. Some of his chapters end weakly, with a disconcerting abruptness, as though the hour had struck. As a whole the book leaves an impression of fine mastery of the material, of thorough understanding not merely of the content of the works of which it treats but of their broader significance. It is a proof of the soundness of Spanish scholarship in the United States.

H. K.

The American Labor Year Book, 1919-20. New York: The Rand School.

A summary of the contents of this book is the best way of showing what a valuable guide it is for anyone who wants to keep watch upon social and industrial currents. Part I deals with labor in the war, with the organization of many governmental boards of adjustment and policy-making, and with the actual administration of those laws which were drawn to curb "seditious activities."

Part II is a record of organized labor, with historical reviews of different trade union ventures (including such interesting experiments as the work of the United Labor Education Committee) and with records of strikes and lockouts during the last two years. The third section of the book contains a useful digest of new labor legislation, of court decisions affecting labor, and of the progress of plans for health insurance, pensions and the minimum wage. Part IV is a more general discussion of social and economic conditions. It deals with the cost of living, profiteering, unemployment, woman suffrage, plans for public ownership of the railways, and the history of the Non-partisan League in North Dakota. Part V is a short record of the recent activities of cooperative, labor and socialist movements in some thirty different countries. And the final section of the book is devoted to the socialist movement in America. A particularly good index puts everything in the Year Book within easy reach of the reader.

Perhaps a few items that deserve inclusion were neglected by the editors. It would be both convenient and instructive to have the industrial programs of the different churches collected under one cover and set along side the programs of the trade unionists, socialists and syndicalists. And there are reports and debates in last summer's Industrial Conference in Washington that make good material for a reference handbook. But when the Year Book supplies so much, it would be ungracious to lament a very few omissions. Besides, it may be that the editors are in no way responsible for what omissions there are. When the Year Book was ready for the printer, last summer, the Lusk Committee descended upon the Rand School and bore away (as inflammatory literature) a number of governmental reports, etc. Some of the church programs, let us remember, are pretty radical: perhaps they fell into the hands of the Committee.

The Face of the World, By Johan Bojer, translated by Jessie Muir. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

TRANSLATION is only a view through smoked glasses. None but the exceptional literary landscape can stand this approach, and *The Face of the World* is not exceptional. Yet its flat style and stiff conversation are not Johan Bojer's; they grew out of a translator who apparently has no fluency either in English or in Norwegian. Johan Bojer's best work, *The Great Hunger*, is in much more energetic English, presumably because William Archer watched over its translation. But champagne can be drunk even without the bubbles, and *The Face of the World* is readable.

Dr. Harald Mark, the central and almost the only figure, is the embodiment of the despair which inexorably seizes upon every reformer now and then, especially the newspaper-reading reformer. What's the good of toiling to Brighten the Corner Where You Are when every batch of morning papers overwhelms you with new waves of misery and wickedness and brazen injustice? Dr. Mark, brought up by a sociological mother, becomes obsessed by the spots on the face of the world. He remembers nothing of Finmarken except the thralldom of the fishermen to the agents; he remembers nothing of England except the wretchedness of London slums. Each day's journals stir new indignations in him. Tomorrow a brave revolutionist is to be shot in Spain; yesterday so many thousand innocent Armenians were massacred. In his vigilance over world suffering, the comradeship between him and his wife steadily wanes. She is an artist by gifts and temperament, and finally she leaves this husband who chills her by a

mist of unhappy preoccupation. He realizes his obsession, but cannot get away from it. "My being is filled with the misery of this world, with strikes, poverty, injustice, crimes, bad governments and stupid laws." He wonders why he can't enjoy the "roses and grapes" which also grow in the world.

At last he decides that humanity cannot be saved en masse or even in batches of the few thousands in his slum district, and he goes back to the little native town by the fjord. Even there the reformer in him refuses to die, and he tries to save at least one human being, a poor fool who is drowning in the town's ridicule of his unrequited passion for a married coquette. But the fool resents salvation, and one night he sets fire to the town. After this Dr. Mark is apparently crushed into wretched apathy, until one night, listening to the Ninth Symphony, he remembers the brightness in humanity, the immortal dreamers who were also "powerless against an armor-plated world" and who conquered in the end.

It is a woman who plays these thoughts into his mind, but she, as a person, leaves less impression than clear water. The truth is that Johan Bojer has taken shamelessly little pains to chisel character and develop plot in this book. Long monologues jostle explanatory letters, situations are left half undone, and human beings are pegs for words. One feels that he didn't care. Neither does the reader. He realizes soon that *The Face of the World* is not a novel but the heedless and helter-skelter outpouring of a mood.

Sonia Married, by Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Co.

IT is hard to resist a sequel to a successful book. Dumas succeeded in it; Anthony Trollope succeeded in it, but less because his Barchester series were sequels, than because they formed one huge book. Mr. Stephen McKenna has not succeeded, and with all the setting of *Sonia* and with the author's intimacy with a certain and most interesting phase of London life, *Sonia Married* fails in the spring and conviction which carried the first book into the public eye. O'Rane has gone to the war and been blinded. This is the best part of the book, for the blindness is treated with a grave dignity which has nothing in common with melodrama or mawkishness. His marriage with *Sonia* was bound from the outset to end in catastrophe, but it is a sordid catastrophe that Mr. McKenna presents to us. Not even O'Rane's acceptance of the situation, his willingness, even eagerness, to accept a child who is not his own, make very convincing a situation in which *Sonia* behaves, not only badly in the conventional sense but with thoroughly artificial badness. Hating the idea of the child before it comes, dreading its advent, calling in one person and another to see her through, the affair is brought to a conventional conclusion after all by the sudden development in *Sonia* of maternal affection. The child is not to be taken away and the assumption is that the trio will live, if not happily ever after, at least in stimulating antagonism. That the baby will ever become more to *Sonia* than another passing excitement is wholly improbable, nor does anything the author says lead us to believe in the life which he indicates for *Sonia Married*.

Contributors

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